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LILAVATI SINGH, CHRISTIAN EDUCATOR

A former President of the United States said after hearing her: "If I had given a million dollars to missions and she were the only result, I would feel satisfied"

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A CLOUD OF WITNESSES

By

ELSIE SINGMASTER

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THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE
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In Loving Memory of
Katharine Scherer Cronk

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"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

Daniel XII: 3.

FOREWORD

IN this thirtieth year of United Study it is fitting that we should dwell on the marvelous work of those who through missions have been witnesses to Christ throughout the world.

From the first, missionaries recognized that the future evangelization of the world must depend less on foreign missionaries and more on those who can present effectively the Gospel to their own people. They are by no means few in number though we have been able to select only a few for our book.

We have called our work "foreign" missions. This book treats of national missions in other lands. Women called of God, prepared for service through the missionaries, have witnessed to their own people and their service is here recorded.

"The Cloud of Witnesses" referred to in Hebrews includes not only those who have gone before but those who today live the life and preach the truth of the Son of God.

Nineteen hundred years ago a few humble disciples who had received the "Holy Spirit" and "Power" manifest at Pentecost obeyed literally the last command of Jesus. Ever since, those who love Him have witnessed and the Church of Christ has become a mighty power. Women have been especially blessed through this the only religion which glorifies and uplifts womanhood.

So on this 1900th birthday of the Church it is fitting that Christian women of the world unite in a

spiritual celebration which shall include a renewed consecration and witnessing for Christ. As we pray for power to witness, our faith will be strengthened by the study of this remarkable book which records shining examples in other lands.

Our author, Elsie Singmaster, is well known in the literary world and will be known to the ends of the earth among women who study this record. It proves that what we have prayed for already exists, a World Fellowship of Christian Women.

These spiritual photographs of women strengthen us and call us to similar service.

We remember those who on that Resurrection morning, "while it was yet dark," received their commission, "Go tell." So we renew our allegiance, remembering that "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Among the Cloud of Witnesses we recognize diversity of gifts but the same spirit. "Some apostles, some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers." All of us there and here must witness, since only through those who love Him can He be "lifted up" and His saving grace be made known among all nations.

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CHRISTIANA TSAI, CHINA

PREFACE

THIS volume is not an expository treatise, or a collection of essays; it is a collection of narratives. The executive officers of missionary societies and the teachers of study classes frequently complain that their adult students prefer books prepared for younger persons, even those written for children. They find in this preference a lack of maturity or of intelligence. In this opinion they are mistaken. Fondness for a story is an inherent trait of mankind, primitive and advanced, young and old. The pointing of a moral by means of a parable is as convincing to intelligent adults as it is effective with youth.

The moral which these brief biographies are intended to point is the success of Christian missions. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The converting of the nations is to be brought about not by the imposing of a foreign church upon non-Christians, or by the preaching of a band of aliens, however ardent their devotion or burning their eloquence, but by the nurture in each nation of its own missionaries. There cannot be an English Christian Church for Indians, a Norwegian Christian Church for Africans, a German Christian Church for Chinese, an American Christian Church for Japanese. If decades of missionary effort have created even a small working force of Christian Chinese, Japanese and Africans, then they are successful; if they have not, then there is cause, not perhaps for despair, but for a solemn taking of account,

at least. This volume attempts to answer for a small section of the Christian Church, that represented chiefly by the Boards of Women's Missionary Societies of the United States and Canada. The products of a few other missions have been included.

The object of the volume is by no means entirely the proving of a thesis, or the pointing of a moral. With many of these lives the well-informed Christian should be acquainted. Some are inconspicuous, others are famous, all are interesting. Those have been selected which are most dramatic. Where it is possible, the women have been allowed to speak for themselves. This does not occur often; our heroines have been actors and not autobiographers.

It may be that here and there in unquoted passages, the author has used phrases and clauses verbatim from the text of reports or letters. When a fact has been stated simply and directly, it is hard to find synonyms.

The word "missionary" has a wider meaning than it had when Henry Plütschau and Bartholomew Ziegenbalg made their long journey from Denmark to Portuguese India in 1705, or when William Carey sailed from England to Bengal in 1793.

The missionary then was preacher and evangelist; his opportunities and obligations as physician and teacher, instructor of little children, instructor of older Christians in ways of self-support, were yet to be comprehended. To-day we ask not only what has been done by way of training a Chinese or Japanese native ministry, but also what has been done by way

of training Chinese or Japanese physicians, nurses, teachers, social workers, who are likewise important in the uplifting of nations.

All the stories in this book are, of course, true. Short narratives have frequently been rejected to make place for those which were accompanied by a measure of detail, enough, at least to fix the personality of the subject. All should be studied with a well-defined background in mind. When it is said that Mother Wang travelled four hundred miles in a wheel-barrow in order to augment the limited information about Christianity which her husband was able to acquire, the reader should remember that this is the distance across Pennsylvania. She should try to picture the little gray town in which Ting Shu Ching grew up, the broad river across which Ekot Nganga paddled seven miles to quarterly conference, the "lonesome" hospital of Nurse Eo-iang, to which patients are now crowding, the rain-drenched land in which Esther Kim anticipated another flood. A realization of difficulties, of hardships, of obstacles will help to answer the question at the end of Chapter V.

E. S.

IN THE SECRET OF HIS PRESENCE

IN the secret of His presence
How my soul delights to hide!
Oh, how precious are the lessons
Which I learn at Jesus' side!
Earthly cares can never vex me,
Neither trials lay me low;
For when Satan comes to tempt me,
To the secret place, I go.

When my soul is faint and thirsty,
'Neath the shadow of His wing
There is cool and pleasant shelter,
And a fresh and crystal spring;
And my Saviour rests beside me,
As we hold communion sweet:
If I tried, I could not utter
What He says when thus we meet.

Only this I know: I tell Him
All my doubts, my griefs, and fears;
Oh, how patiently He listens!
And my drooping soul He cheers:
Do you think He ne'er reproves me?
What a false friend He would be,
If He never, never told me
Of the sins which He must see.

Would you like to know the sweetness
Of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath His shadow:
This shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence
Of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image
Of the Master in your face.

—Ellen Lakshmi Goreh, of India

CHAPTER I

Bible-Women and Evangelists

THE most numerous and essential of native women workers in mission fields are the Bible-women and evangelists, those who go from door to door, from street corner to street corner, from village to village, into hospitals and prisons, into the market-places and the homes of the lowliest, telling the good news of the Gospel. The majority speak in simplest language, others possess eloquence and logic which confound the scoffer. Their preaching and story-telling are frequently carried on in addition to their daily tasks of house-keeping or self-supporting labor; they preach and teach, indeed, while they work.

Numerous and useful as they are, their biographies seemed at first difficult to find. The Secretary of more than one Foreign Mission Board said in substance: "We have no notable women in our fields, we have no native physicians, no trained nurses, no teachers of distinction; our people are poor, undeveloped, simple in mind and heart. They are candles, they are not shining lights. We have, of course, many devout Bible-women—do you wish to tell of their inconspicuous lives?" In some cases it was necessary to write more than once to make clear that it was these stories which were desired above all others.

Material arrived finally in abundance, from Persia and Palestine, from India, China, Japan and Africa. Of her Bible-women one missionary said: "They re-

mind me of good mothers of large families. They must be in many places in a short space of time; they must be ready to listen to the woes of the poor, the sick, and those who lack understanding; they must be constantly on the lookout to encourage the weak, to stir up those who are slow of heart. Above all, they must ever study to be blameless in personal life and character. Our church work would indeed be poor without them."

Selby of Marbeshoo

The first Bible-woman of whom we shall learn is Selby of Marbeshoo—how this very name carries one far from one's own land! In 1843, a missionary to Urumia, Persia, opened a boarding-school for Nestorian girls, the descendants of ancient Christians, followers in the fifth century of Nestorius, Archbishop of Constantinople, and themselves Christians of unsurpassed devotion. The missionary hoped to teach these far-away grandchildren, who were illiterate and uninstructed, to lead truly Christian lives and to earn their livings in useful occupations. For a while no one would enter the school. The parents feared the missionary, for one thing; for another, they doubted the usefulness of learning. One neighbor inquired apparently in good faith why the ladies did not wish to teach his cow instead of his daughter.

At last there appeared a Nestorian bishop leading two small girls, shy but curious, one of them his

niece Selby. Said he, "These be your daughters, no man take them from your hand."

Little Selby applied herself to getting all the learning she could, and best of all she became an earnest Christian. When she was fifteen she was married to a man much older than herself, a learned and worldly Nestorian preacher, and went to live with him in his father's family which already numbered sixty. Her new home was two days' journey from Urumia in a mountainous district where the roof of one house forms the front yard of its neighbor above it.

So good-natured and sunny and helpful was Selby that the ways of her new relatives began to improve. Her life was happy until, on the day when her third son was born, her husband died. She lost her position of importance and she and her little boys were treated like servants. In spite of her long days of hard labor, she taught them what she had learned at Fiske Seminary, and not only them but others—little children and white-headed men and women learned from her to read God's word.

Presently one of her sons died, and in spite of her grief, she applied herself all the more diligently to the instruction of the two remaining. The younger showed much promise and to his education she devoted herself with zeal, studying Ancient Syriac so that she might teach it to him. A missionary friend said that it was as though a mother in America should by her own efforts learn Latin and teach it to her boy. After years of hard work and self-sacrifice she

had the joy of seeing him ordained as a minister.

Though her heart was rejoiced in his success, she and all the family had cause for profound anxiety. The wild Kurds of the district constantly persecuted the Christians, and life became unsafe. The family moved across the border into Persia and settled among a people almost as wild and ignorant as the Kurds, but not unfriendly, and to them Selby and her son preached the gospel. The little daughters of her son were sent to Fiske Seminary and three graduated together. Upon this occasion Selby attended the Commencement, beaming with joy, and eager to tell of the old days so long before, when she had been a happy pupil.

No sooner had the family returned from the festivities when the Kurds appeared in the neighborhood and carried off a great many sheep. The family now had a new source of terror—here were three beautiful girls, a far more desirable and precious loot than sheep! A young Christian injured a Kurd, and his tribesmen retaliated by starting to pillage and destroy. Selby's son announced that the family must flee at once, with such possessions as they could carry with them.

"No," said Selby, as ever courageous and unselfish. "You take the crippled child and the others, and send back load-animals for our household goods. I shall stay and guard the house. The Kurds will not harm an old woman like me."

At last her son yielded, though unwillingly. Meet-

ing men with pack animals he dispatched them to bring his mother and his property. As they were loading the goods, the Kurds entered the village. Horses and men dashed away in terror, and Selby locked herself into the house. She was mistaken about the consideration of the marauders; they broke down the door, dragged her out, and having shot her, carried off what loot they could.

That night her son was able to return. He hunted through the ruined house, not knowing at what moment the shots of the Kurdish rifles would sound in his ears. At last he came upon the poor body from which the happy spirit of Selby had flown away. In one hand was clasped her New Testament, the comfort of her life, in the other the diploma of the school where she had found that which made life precious and death a matter of small account.

Selby left behind her literally hundreds of witnesses to the Gospel—children and grandchildren, friends and neighbors. "Strong, quiet, self-sacrificing," a missionary writes of her, "she exerted the sort of influence which never dies."

Her son continues as pastor, organizer, leader and defender of the persecuted mountain Christians on the borders of Turkey and Persia.

Nameh Shahla

Nameh Shahla, a Bible-woman of Palestine, is living and at work. Her parents who were members of Friends' Meeting in

Ram Allah, had thirteen children, of whom but four lived to grow up. In spite of poverty and much sorrow they maintained a Christian home with family worship and Bible reading.

Having graduated from the Girls' School of the mission, Nameh taught in Ram Allah and the adjoining village. So capable did she prove to be that she was sent on ever longer journeys. She allows nothing to discourage her; riding from village to village she makes her rounds, telling of the love of God and of his power to transform lives. The sympathy and wisdom learned at home she applies abroad. She is constantly sought after not only in sickness and trouble but upon occasions of joy, and in the house of feasting as well as in the house of mourning she delivers her message with an effect which cannot be measured.

A missionary described her sitting after a long day's journey relaxed and weary under a spreading mulberry tree before the door of her house. Children were playing in the street, the pleasant odor of supper was rising from the neighbors' fires, the soft light of evening made everything beautiful.

"I love my work," she said contentedly. "I love the peasants. I would like to go to America and see the wonderful things you tell about, but I would want to come back where people need me." She glanced at her hands, calloused from hard work, she lifted her face, browned and coarsened by constant exposure to sun and wind, "I'm glad I'm plain and

homely. I can preach the gospel in places where a beautiful woman couldn't possibly go."

We have no photograph of Nameh Shahla but we have a portrait of her heart and soul. It is certain that to hundreds of eyes she is that which she thinks she is not—a beautiful woman.

Hariamma

A very different child was Hariamma, Bible-woman of India, born more than seventy years ago in the palace of the Rajah, at Tekkali in the Ganjam District of the Madras Presidency. In her early history one may read the tragedy of thousands; in her middle years a rare romance; in her old age happiness and usefulness such as can be ascribed to few of India's great army of widows. Her father died when she was very young, but she was certain of a life of comfort and luxury—that is if allowance were made for the cruelty of Indian customs and the ever-shadowing horror of possible widowhood. A marriage was arranged almost as soon as she was born, and before she could realize that she was betrothed her future husband died.

Lonely and despised, she grew up in sorrow and with but one friend, a boy named Gurahati, of the same household, afflicted with leprosy. He taught her to read the Hindu books and they became devoted to one another, but they could not marry because Hariamma was a widow. Their elders, however, permitted them to live together as if married, but presently insisted that the boy must take a legal

wife as well. A baby girl was selected for this position, and while her husband and Hariamma read together the bride played about on the floor.

One day a missionary colporteur came past, selling Bibles and leaflets where he could, giving them away where people would not buy, scattering them by the wayside where no one would have them as a gift. He dropped a leaflet—it fluttered in the wind; either Hariamma found it, or someone else found it and gave it to her. She showed it to Gurahati and together they read of the Light of the World from which no gleam had ever reached them. In another leaflet they learned of a Book which should reveal fully those matters of which leaflets could only tell briefly. Secretly they secured a copy first of the Old Testament, then of the New. They believed what they read, and resolved to be Christians.

To be a Christian meant to be baptized, and Gurahati determined that he would leave his home and go at once to Berhampore, the headquarters of the mission which published the Christian literature. Each with a hand on the Bible the lovers promised to be true to one another and to their new religion. Gurahati stole quietly away, knowing that he could never again return to his home.

When he was missed, there was excitement and furious anger. Hariamma was blamed for his disappearance and for the disgrace which had fallen upon the family. She had no one to advise her, no one to sympathize with her, and at times she felt

depressing doubts as to the wisdom of her course. One day she besought help of a household idol; disappointed by its silence, she boldly pushed it to the floor, saying "Help yourself if you can!" When it lay motionless she had no further confidence in its power.

Months passed without word from Gurahati. At last came a mysterious whisper from a stranger—she must be on the watch for a messenger. Held in contempt, she was allowed the freedom given to a person of no importance, and one day she sat alone near the door. A man passed carelessly by and as he went he mentioned her lover's name. Again he passed and this time he told her to be at a certain place at a certain hour the next night.

The departure of Gurahati who was a man, involved no such difficulties as beset her, a woman. With shaking hands and throbbing heart, she began her preparations. She loved her mother, she loved her home, unhappy as she had been. This new God—would He take care of her through the perils of the journey? Fearfully she set out, met her guide, was conducted to Gurahati in Berhampore, and was there baptized.

The new religion, however, recognized but one wife, and Gurahati was bound to the little girl who only a short time before had crept about the floor at his feet. As a Christian he could not live with Hariamma. With breaking hearts they agreed to abide by the decision of the missionaries. At last the unnatural contract was dissolved, and they were mar-

ried in the Mission House, having truly suffered for their faith. Gurahati lived but a few years longer. Hariamma remained connected with the mission, a faithful Bible-woman, happy in the expectation of the reunion of which her faith assured her, able since she knew the meaning of sorrow, to comfort the afflicted and console those who were sorrowful.

Addepalle Mariamma

Addepalle Mariamma, another Bible-woman of India, delighted to give an account of her conversion.

"When I was a young girl in my father's house in our tiny village, my elder brother worked on the passenger boats that plied between Bezwada and Bunder on the big canal. He saw the world!" The canal was forty-three miles long! "He heard many strange things and one time he came home and told me that he had heard out there that there were many who did not worship idols, but believed and served one God. He said to me, 'Little sister, there is only one God, I believe,' and when I said, 'How can I find Him?' he answered 'They say, pray and He will hear and come to you.' From that day I sought my Father. I knew nothing, I was only an ignorant girl, but I went about saying, 'Father, Father, come to your child'—just like a child holding out its skirt to have a gift dropped into it. I grew up and was married. My brother, whenever he came to see me, told me more. Then through missionaries I got fuller teaching, and I found my Father."

So anxious was Mariamma to learn, and to have her children and her friends instructed, that she employed a Christian teacher for the village and paid him from her meager funds. Soon she needed no teacher, but became one herself. She was entirely unable to read or write, but so intelligent was her mind, so eloquent her speech, and so remarkable her memory that her lack of learning made little difference. No Brahmin was her equal in argument, none her equal in repartee. All she had of logic, of eloquence, of sarcasm for the supercilious, she used. Said a Brahmin, "This old black Auntie gallops over us. She can't read, but she speaks the whole truth. She left no one angry with her, her words had no sting."

Messages came from distant villages. "Send Mariamma to us. Some of the Christians are growing cold." "Send Mariamma, we have those here whom she will be able to convince." She rebuked, she encouraged, she wore out her throat talking, singing, reciting Scripture until dawn was in the sky.

Unwearied she traveled from village to village with the missionaries. "Mariamma," one would say discouraged, "they didn't listen very well, did they? Only in that one house a woman seemed to understand." "Never mind, Amma," would come the answer. "We must travel, and toil, and God always sends us one soul in every place."

She never thought of thieves or snakes or other dangers on these journeys, she thought only of the

message she was carrying. Cholera broke out in the neighborhood where she was working, and very old and worn, she succumbed, leaving in many hearts not mourning alone, but an unforgetable message of hope in the life to come.

Kondubai

Another Indian was Kondubai, born into a humble caste at Ahmednagar in Ratnagiri, India. Her father died when she was an infant and she fell into the kind hands of missionaries. Early converted, she proved to have extraordinary ability as a story-teller. Everything that she related she made real, first selecting those details which would develop her narrative, and then embroidering them with poetry. Of her it might well be said, "She told a tale which kept old men from the fireside and children from play."

After her marriage, she continued active in Christian work. She was interested in the promotion of temperance and especially in Foreign Missions, and was for many years the president of the Woman's Missionary Society of her church.

The missionary leaves friends in his native land, and separation from them is grievous, but he finds in his field of labor friends who are equally beloved. Such a friend was Kondubai. Of her a missionary said when she was gone: "It has been worth all the sorrows and disappointments of my life in India just to have been closely associated with and to have loved this gifted, beautiful and faithful Bible-woman.

MOTHER WANG

She was my true yoke-fellow in the furtherance of the Gospel for well-nigh a quarter of a century. In city homes, in village streets and fields, on hilltops and beside streams, wherever a group could be gathered, there her lips have proclaimed the words of Eternal Life. Now that she has gone, I feel bereft indeed. Each was dependent upon the other, yet I more and more gladly realized that the missionary must decrease and the Bible-woman increase."

Phoebe Rowe

Of Eurasians it is frequently said that they possess none of the admirable and all the undesirable traits of both English and Indian races of which they are the hybrid product. So harsh a judgment cannot be justly pronounced upon Phoebe Rowe, a Eurasian who was called by Miss Isabella Thoburn "the first answer to prayer of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Church." Her mother died when she was a little child and she was carefully brought up by her father. She became a missionary in 1882, but long before this time she had been an evangelist among her fellow-students in the boarding-school. After she was commissioned she went with an assistant from town to town and village to village, speaking in houses, in streets and from the steps of heathen temples. She was eloquent in the use of her native Hindustani and was endowed with a most beautiful voice, both for singing and speaking. She was frequently away from comfortable quarters for weeks

at a time, traveling in ox-carts and sleeping in country inns with camel-drivers, merchants, and their customers.

She visited America and spoke and sang her way into the hearts of those who heard her. Returning to hard work in the villages, she contracted diphtheria and died, comforting her friends by reminding them that God would raise up others to look after the sheep in the wilderness.

A group of Indian Bible-women

A single glance at our photograph of Indian Bible-women yields an impression of beauty of character, of peace of mind, of usefulness of life. Yet a glance is not satisfying, the mind and heart demand more than the picture reveals. This noble woman in the center—who is she? This woman with covered head, this grave creature with hands folded in her white robe, this woman of darkest skin with a book in her arm, this round-faced girl with down-dropped eyes—who are they? There is happily an answer for each question. Their names are Philip Sarah, M. Parvatamma, Soubhayamma, Krupamma and K. Mary Ann.

Philip Sarah

The history of Philip Sarah, like that of Nameh Shahla and many other Bible-women, goes back a generation. Her father, Morari Samuel, passing through the bazaar in Guntur, heard a strange voice, telling a strange story.

Stopping to listen, as he thought for a moment, he stood a long time, anxious to lose no word. Presently the preacher finished, and Morari Samuel went on his way. Not satisfied to forget what he had heard, he sought out the mission from which the preacher had come and there, hearing in detail the story of which he had gathered only a fragment, he became a Christian, and offered to pass on the Gospel as best he could. He persuaded hundreds to give up their idols and he and his wife devoted themselves to the Christian nurture of their six children.

All these children became either teachers or preachers. The oldest was Philip Sarah who early lost her husband in an epidemic of cholera. Thereafter she, like her father, devoted herself to spreading the Gospel. She has served in all parts of the mission field, touring in the villages, preaching either to audiences of women alone or to mixed audiences, teaching the Bible in the zenanas, and especially ministering to the patients in the hospital. The missionaries say of her that when she preaches it is as though she were repeating a thrilling story which she has just heard in the bazaar.

Her children and her children's children are at work in the mission. Her oldest son is a preacher and a scholar, associated with the missionaries in literary work, her youngest son is the editor of the Telugu Sunday School Lesson book, her granddaughter is a Senior in Madras University.

She has had good health; otherwise she could not

have endured her arduous life; she has a good mind, or she could not speak so convincingly of the ugliness of wrong-doing; and a feeling heart or she could not so tenderly describe the rewards of righteousness. She has had moral strength of the highest order—though she has been for forty years a widow no reproach has ever been cast upon her.

M. Parvatamma M. Parvatamma had her own history of sorrow and disaster and great peace. She was baptized after the death of her husband when she was twenty-five years old. She learned to read, and taught first in the zenanas, and afterwards, when her health failed, in the hospital. Her growth in grace was no more remarkable than her growth in mind and in the power of presenting the gospel.

Soubhayamma Like Philip Sarah and Paravatamma, little Soubhayamma wears the white sari of a widow. Her daughter was a patient at the hospital and as she sat at her side she learned for the first time to know Christians. Her father-in-law hated them because his son who had died had once tried to become a Christian, and she had to hide the books which she bought to take home with her. When she was baptized, her father-in-law drove her from the house, and she fled to the mission. There she has remained, teaching in the hospital which she loves. Her Hindu son supports her, but he will not receive her into his home.

Krupamma

Krupamma with down-bent head is blind. Trained in Braille she is a source of amazement to those who cannot read even with their eyes. Not only can she read without eyes, but she can sing. Gentle, amiable, always good-tempered, she is a creature of promise.

K. Mary Ann

K. Mary Ann came to the mission hoping that she might be cured of a serious lameness. She was disappointed—her trouble was incurable, but she found healing for her heart and soul and remained to tell others the story. Sometimes for four hours, sometimes for five hours on five days of each week, she talks and sings to the crowds that are waiting to consult the doctor in the dispensary. When she needs recreation she goes to continue her stories in the children's ward. She rouses sufficient interest in her hearers for them to buy tracts and portions of the Scriptures to carry home to the son or daughter who can read. Hers is another influence whose area is incalculable.

Siu-ling "Beautiful Forest"

From Guntur, India to the neighborhood of Ningpo, China is a far cry, but that is the journey we shall have to take, passing the fields of labor of many Bible-women, and alas! vast areas where none labor since none have been sent thither. Mrs. Tu, or Siu-ling, whose name means Beautiful Forest, was born in a village a few hour's ride by canal-boat and sedan-

chair from Ningpo. Having only the necessities of life, the family spent what tiny surplus they could gather on incense and gifts for idols. Siu-ling was often sent to worship alone, for her busy mother could not leave her household. Once she made a vow to live on a vegetarian diet for three years in order to gain merit for her mother; later, for almost ten years, she kept the same vow for herself. There was no school anywhere in the neighborhood and if there had been, she would have been too busy to attend.

At seventeen she was married and went to the home of her husband's family. Unfortunately both her husband and her son died, leaving her with a little girl, Cing-mae. No longer welcome in her husband's home, she returned with her daughter to live with her parents. She was not able to visit the temple as frequently as when she was a child but she was diligent in worship of the idols on the god-shelf.

When the baby was only six months old she became ill and her terrified mother lifted her up before the idols. A candle toppled over and the hot wax fell on the delicate cheek, burning it severely. Her condition became desperate and Siu-ling, worn with nursing and fright, fell ill also.

She did not know where to turn—the gods who sat placidly and indifferently on their shelf, had not saved her husband or her son, though she had obeyed every command of the ritual. They had really been responsible for the injury to her baby, since it was while she was worshiping them that the burning wax fell on Cing-mae's cheek. She wore about her neck a

chain warranted to keep off evil spirits and death, now she saw that it was of no avail.

There was but one resource—past the house on errands of mercy went a Christian pastor and his wife and in despair poor Siu-ling sent for Mrs. Yiao, who not only nursed her back to life, but taught her about life eternal. Yielding to Mrs. Yiao's persuasions, she attended the mission school in Ningpo and there learned to read and write. Eventually she became the matron and there her daughter lives with her, a promising student. During the summer they return to their native village where through Siu-ling's influence, many have become Christians.

Mrs. Hama Uchida In 1926 Mrs. Hama Uchida, called the Mother of the First Baptist Church in Japan, celebrated her fifty years of service. Baptized as a girl in Kanda River, Tokyo, she took her life in her hands, since the official prohibition of the "Jesus teaching" was still publicly posted. There had been translated only a small portion of the New Testament, but that portion was sufficient for Mrs. Uchida. She had long mourned the death of her husband and two children, and living in the family of the missionary she learned a comfort which was abiding. She became a Bible-woman, and for twenty-five years labored in Tokyo, and for another twenty-five in Sendai and the country between. Her remaining child, a daughter, married a minister, her adopted son became a minister.

A booklet of the Methodist Episcopal Church,

South, gives an account of more than sixty Bible-women at work in the province of Kiang, China. Many of these women are no longer young; they were grown up before they were converted, and they had no early advantages. A training-course instructs them in the elementary branches and in the Bible, and under the direction of the mission they do all sorts of missionary work.

Mrs. Ming

Among them is Mrs. Ming. Brought up in a prosperous and ancient family, she never appeared on the street in her youth, not even to go to school, but had a teacher at home. Her family were Buddhists and her earnest and kindly spirit prompted her to become a worshipper of the Goddess of Mercy. She had heard of the new religion, but knew nothing of its teaching. When she was married and went to live in another village she learned that there was a Jesus-church there and that her husband was an inquirer.

The possibility or desirability of his wife becoming a Christian did not occur to Mr. Ming until it was suggested by a Bible-woman. She gladly received instruction and was converted. After the death of her husband she offered her services to the mission, and now she goes about anywhere and everywhere, through the narrow winding streets—that which leads to the Bible-school is called the "Lane of Nine Crooks,"—or into the country, wherever she can do good.

BIBLE-WOMEN, GUNTUR HOSPITAL, INDIA

DEACONESS TRAINING SCHOOL, MANILA

Mrs Faung "Mrs Square"

Another of these Bible-women is Mrs. Faung, or "Mrs. Square." Having attended a revival, and renewed her vows, she set herself the hard task of collecting from the non-Christians of Sungkiang money for famine sufferers of the hated district of North China. Providing themselves with baskets, she and another Christian woman set out to beg. Sometimes they received a little money, but oftener they were abused. They had one reward —a man gave them a dollar, and they heard him say: "That dollar is safe. It will get to the famine district and not be diverted to the fat pocketbook of some official." "It was not because of anything in me that he made that remark," explained Mrs. Faung, "but he knew I was a Christian, and he trusted me for that reason."

"Old Lady Wang"

Christian missions in China are so long established that it is possible to speak of historic characters. One of these is "Old Lady Wang," one of many ladies of the same name, but distinct from all others. Her husband, Mr. Wang, journeyed from a small town in the province of Shantung to Peking to take the examination for a literary degree. Lingering to learn the result and happening upon a little street chapel, he entered and there heard the gospel for the first time. He listened earnestly and finally asked to be baptized.

Hastening home, he won his wife to the new religion; then he influenced neighbors and friends.

Mrs. Wang was not satisfied with what he was able to tell, therefore she determined to journey to Peking herself. There were no automobiles; if there was a train she had no money to pay her fare. Besides, why pay fare when she owned a wheel-barrow and had a strong and sturdy son to serve as motive power?

Together the two set forth, Mrs. Wang on one side of the wheel and a roll of bedding on the other. It was not a day's journey or a week's or even a month's; for four hundred miles the two traveled until they arrived at the gate of the mission. There from the gatekeeper Mrs. Wang received the first discouraging word. "What!" he cried. "A woman as old as you learn to read?" "I shall learn to read," she insisted. And she did.

Her school experience was not without amusing incidents. She smoked a pipe, the only luxury of a hard life. Alas, one day she heard the school girls singing, "Do not smoke but always tell the truth." At once she put her pipe away and smoked it no more, even when she learned that she had misunderstood the children and that what they sang was, "Do not lie but always tell the truth." The small amount of money which she had spent for tobacco she now added to her already generous contribution to the church.

She became the first Bible-woman of the mission, serving in every district in the conference. In hospitals and dispensaries, in poor, gray, desolate villages, before the sacred mountain to the pilgrims

flocking thither, she told her story of the power of Jesus Christ to save from sin. Her beloved son who had wheeled her four hundred miles to hear the Gospel became a preacher and was killed by the Boxers while helping to defend the legations in Peking. Thereafter she signed herself, "the mother of Wang Cheng Pei."

She sent regular reports to the conference. How they must have delighted the hearts of those who read them! "At the Conference I was appointed to preach to the patients in the hospital. I want to thank the Lord for His great grace. In the ninth month I went to Peace-family-village to act as chaperon for a young teacher. I thought this a good opportunity to visit my old home and at the same time have a ride in a mule cart that would cost me nothing.

"But the Lord punished me for my covetous heart. The roads were very rough and on the way back the next day I could not stand the jolting. I had to be carried on a stretcher. I could not leave my bed for three months. After I was well, I used my strength to the utmost to make up for lost time.

"The hospital is on Leading-to-the-Clouds Street, which ascends to the top of the sacred mountain. Many pilgrims going to burn incense in the temple pass the gate. Every day I sit in the gate and preach the gospel of God's grace to those who pass. There are always some who love to hear.

"One day a man from a village three miles away

heard the gospel and received it into a very warm heart. He wanted me to go to his home and preach to his mother. I was not able to walk on account of my great age, more than eighty years, so I went to the village on a wheel-barrow. We called at several homes and saw a great many women and preached to them.

"Every day during the spring I sat in the hospital gate and talked to very many. The people came from many distant villages and also from places near. On the first day of the sixth month there was a special time of worship at the heathen temples. I went in a chair to preach to the women. Very many heard the gospel."

Here is her last report: "I sat in the gate and preached. When I get well I want still to work for the Lord and exhort the people. I want to be carried to the gate when the pilgrims come to the sacred mountain. That is a great opportunity to preach to them.

"My heart is very peaceful. I am glad my report is written. I have still strength to talk.

"In the autumn I went to the South Suburb three times to lead weekly prayer-meetings and rode in a chair. Twice I went to the Seven-mile village and rode on a wheel-barrow. My body is weak but my heart wants still to go out and preach.

"It is good to stay here, but it will also be good to go to Heaven. In Heaven I have many friends. When my friends here come to see me I will use my strength to the utmost to exhort them."

Mother Wang has gone to her reward. One of her last recorded testimonies is this, "I have trusted Jesus many years and I shall trust Him to the end." In comment upon her life a missionary said, "Suppose the humble saints, who in those early days, laid the foundations of the Church of God, had failed to render their faithful service, their grandchildren would not be the highly trained workers from our Christian colleges, taking a leading part in the Christian movement that has stirred China."

Mrs. Wu

"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." This passage of Scripture might well form the inscription upon the grave of Mrs. Wu, a Chinese Bible-woman, could that lowly grave be found. She entered the Women's Training School of the Canton True Light Seminary in 1893, traveling thither from a distant city and bringing her baby girl who was called Treasure. Her husband, a preacher, had died in America, and there Christian friends had collected a sum of money which they forwarded to his widow with the suggestion that she use it to obtain an education. She was bright in mind and lovely in spirit and was soon greatly beloved, but perhaps not quite so dearly as her little daughter.

One day poor Treasure seemed pale and quiet and at once it became evident that she was extremely ill. With deadly swiftness black spots appeared one by one on her face and body—her ailment was bubonic

plague, the disease which under the name of the Black Death once swept through Europe and which is constantly present in the East, and within three hours she was dead.

Other cases developed rapidly. The frantic populace attributed the epidemic to the presence of foreigners whom they accused of scattering about a death-dealing powder. Months passed before the plague abated, and it was estimated that four hundred thousand persons perished. The Seminary had no other case but that of little Treasure, though the disease raged on every side. When there were cases within a few feet of the school, it was thought best to close for the summer vacation and Mrs. Wu departed with the other teachers.

In the autumn she returned, finding comfort in the prospect of helping others as sorrowful as she. Prepared to be a Bible-woman, she was assigned the Canton Hospital. Month after month passed and she began to feel a sort of contentment, when again men and women suddenly sickened and upon their bodies appeared the dread black spots. Cases developed in the hospital itself and among its victims were some of the helpers. All who had means of getting away fled to the country. Mrs. Wu would not leave, though nearly all her friends were gone. She was told that if she remained the responsibility for her life was hers entirely.

"There are so many dying," she answered. "Those who might tell them of the love of Jesus have fled.

If I stay I may help some to find the way of eternal life. If I go away I might be safer than I am here, but how unhappy I should be!"

A few weeks passed and she succumbed. She was carried to a little boat anchored at the hospital wall, and there was cared for as well as possible until she died. She had bequeathed to the mission her little house in her native village, hoping that it might be used for a chapel and thus speak of her love for her people though she was dead.

Christiana Tsai

Very different from the life-experience of Mrs. Wang and Mrs. Wu is that of Christiana Tsai, of Nanking. Her father was governor of one of the central provinces of China; her brother was also in official life; and she has all the culture of the highest classes. She was almost the youngest of twenty-four children, and in her youth there were in addition eight sisters-in-law and eight brothers-in-law. The mansion which sheltered them all, together with a great company of servants, had in it a hundred and fifty rooms. Observant of all the requirements of her religion, the mother had erected in the garden a temple, so that the idols might be always at hand. Miss Tsai said, however, that they were not happy; they had love for one another in their hearts, but no hope.

She tells of the length to which she went in her devotion to her father.

"When I was a girl about fifteen, my father was

very, very ill, and we all thought he was dying, so we all went to one of the largest temples in Nanking, and I can still remember the day that we all knelt before the Buddha, while the loud drum was beating, and the huge bell was ringing. The priest asked the Buddha to take a certain number of years from each one of us and lengthen the life of my father.

"When we came home, he was dying. Oh, I loved him so, and I thought I would rather die for him! I had often heard people say that if a parent is desperately sick, and a child is willing to cut a piece of flesh from his or her body, and boil it, and give the water to the sick parent to drink the parent will be cured immediately. I suddenly thought of this superstition, so I went to my room, and locked the door. I at first knelt before an unknown god, then I found a pair of scissors. I bit my flesh between my teeth, and cut it real, real deep without using any anesthetic. It happened that the pair of scissors was very, very dull, and I had to stop twice before I could cut off that piece of flesh from my left arm. It was a very hot summer afternoon, and I had nothing to help me, but a little ashes from an incense burner. Having never heard a single word of infection or the proper care of a wound, I put some ashes on the open wound and wrapped it with a soiled handkerchief that was lying near.

"I boiled my piece of flesh, and took it to my father, and asked him to drink the water of it. It happened that he put his head right on the very

EKOT NGANGA OF
BOLENGE

NYANG OCINDA AND
BONGOMBE

SELBY AND HER SON

spot where I cut, and I nearly fainted from pain. The superstition is this, that I must not let a single soul know about it for one hundred days. If I should let anybody know, my father would die immediately; so I could not even go to see any doctor. After my father got well, he often took me to the theater. Was I happy then? No, No! I was not happy! I did not have Jesus Christ in my heart!"

When Christiana was fifteen, she was sent to a government school, or, rather she was carried there in a closed chair by her own bearers. So excited was she at the prospect that she made the journey three days before the school opened. Up to this time she had never seen a Western girl. In this school and in mission schools she later attended she was astonished at the cheerfulness and happiness of the missionaries and eventually her heart was touched.

"All my teachers thought I was very nice and polite, but I was very self-confident, and proud. I did many things which I knew not then were displeasing in His sight. Early one Autumn morning as the pink leaves were softly falling from the vines, we girls had to go to the church to hear a notable preacher. He said this: 'As long as a log does not let the beautiful sun shine on it, it will have many dirty and ugly worms underneath it, and so it is with our souls. If we refuse to let our Lord Jesus Christ come into our hearts, we will have many kinds of sins, and we will never be happy.' Oh, it touched my heart!

"One morning as I sat on a big stone with a cro-

quet mallet in my hand, I suddenly remembered what the preacher said, and I wanted very much to see what was under the big, white, and smooth stone. I put the mallet under the stone, and raised it up. I saw all kinds of insects and worms, crawling away as fast as they could when they saw the sunlight. I heard a gentle voice saying to me, 'Little girl, you are just like this stone. On top it is white, big and smooth, but underneath it is full of sin, and dark and dirty.' I did not know what to say. I hurried to my room, and locked the door, so my school-mates would not see me. I knelt down at my bedside, and prayed: 'Lord, save me, and help me to understand Thy words!' "

Baptized without the permission of her family, she asked the wife of her favorite brother to inform her mother. At once broke the storm of denunciation and opposition which she had anticipated. She continued to live with her kinsfolk, the only Christian in all the great household, each member of which tried in his own way to persuade or force her to give up her newly found happiness. When she begged her mother to become a Christian, her mother answered, "When I am put into my coffin, and the lid is nailed down, then I will believe in Him." Presently this hard heart was softened, her mother was baptized. She destroyed her idols, and began to urge her neighbors to come and hear missionaries speak in her house. Within a few years thirty-two members of the family were baptized.

Miss Tsai is now an evangelist connected with the Presbyterian mission in Nanking. Though of lofty social position, she is at home with the poor and needy of all classes, the beggar, the boat-woman, the rough peasant. Her influence does not end with those with whom she comes personally in touch; she is able to influence others so that they too become Christian leaders. Scores of young women who come to the mission training-school from all parts of China see in her work and life a model for their own.

Mrs. Tu Kinan

Mrs. Tu Kinan lay desperately ill on a mat in her home in Shang Sha, Hunan, China. She had lost several children and it was now almost certain that this baby for whom she longed could not be born alive and that she herself would die. The native doctors declared that they could do no more. A suggestion that a doctor from the neighboring mission be sent for was heard first with disapproval and finally with some consideration. At last the family yielded. The physician arriving, saw what he supposed was a hopeless case, but after some hours the baby was safely born, the mother was sleeping comfortably and the prospects of both were good.

Mrs. Tu's family did not think it necessary to call the doctor again, and owing to various changes in the mission he did not go back. Her recovery was slow and throughout the weeks of her exhaustion she had but one thought—to seek out those who had helped her. At last, when six months had passed she went,

carrying her tiny baby, to the church. She enrolled in a Bible-study class, became a catechumen and finally a church-member. Though she was over thirty and up to this time had had no educational opportunities she learned easily. When she was questioned before her baptism she explained that her first impulse toward a Christian life was one of thankfulness for the saving of her life and that of her child.

When her husband returned from a long business journey she persuaded him to study the Bible and be baptized. He died shortly after and she then devoted her time to the work of the mission. At first she was an instructor in needlework. Presently the missionaries came to believe that though she was so quiet and unassuming and though her mental ability was not great she could yet be a satisfactory Bible-woman and matron in the Yuhsien station. Thither she went and of her those for whom she worked said, "She is a good woman and one of few words." Faithful in every particular she took advantage of every course of study offered by the church.

In January, 1927, the missionaries were compelled to leave, not because of any lack of courage in their own hearts but because their presence engendered anti-foreign and anti-Christian sentiment and imperilled the lives of their converts. In her station at Siangtan Mrs. Tu remained, her life constantly in danger. Having safely survived the political troubles she is still at work, now with the companionship of other Christian teachers.

Ekot Nganga

To know good Ekot Nganga, Bible-woman of Africa, one needs to give but a glance at her portrait. Firmly she stands—when she has once made up her mind there will be no yielding to persuasion against her conscience. Acquainted with her history, her friends see in her countenance other traits, love for her kinsfolk and neighbors, absolute obedience to her Master.

Ekot lived in a harem in the town of Mpombe in the Belgian Congo in Africa. Under the preaching of missionaries who came from Bolenge, across a seven-mile expanse of river, she became a Christian. She did not follow them home but remained to look after her husband who was aged and infirm, and to try to persuade him and the other villagers to become Christians also, yearning over them as her Lord had yearned over a stubborn city of Jerusalem.

Four times each year she stepped into her little canoe, and paddled for ten hours to attend the missionary conference and the Communion service. She was a famous gardener and basket-maker and she always brought a generous offering. Once she came with a poor broken basket as her only gift. She explained that buffalo had broken into her plantation and had eaten all her corn and manioc and had trampled her garden. As though this were not enough of a misfortune, her husband had forbidden her going to the conference; when she refused to obey he burned her little mud house in which were stored all her pieces of fine pottery, all her well-made and

graceful baskets, and all her dried fish. "Would God accept this poor broken basket?" she asked.

Distressed by the indignities she suffered, the missionaries urged her to take up her abode with them. To this she would not consent. "I cannot do that," said she. "I have planted more garden and I can build another house. Maybe some day my husband will accept Jesus. My work is in my own village."

She lived on in Mpombe, preaching and persuading, her home the home of the itinerant evangelists. At last, long after her husband had died, and when she was feeble and ill, she agreed to cross to Bolenge. There in the Widows' Home she continued to teach and preach, and to Africans and Americans alike she was a blessing. One morning she said longingly in her prayer, "Oh, God, your plantains are ripe. Reach down and pick them!" That night God answered her as she was about her Father's business. Lying in her bed she was telling the story of the Good Samaritan to those gathered about her. Her lips quivered, her voice faltered, her eyes closed, she was gone. But her memory lives and little children are named for her with the hope that her spirit may live in them.

Nyang' Ocinda We have also a portrait of Nyang' Ocinda, Bible-woman, from the same mission as Ekot Nganga. She is more of a cosmopolitan, but no less devoted to her people and her Lord. An American missionary tells of her work and sends

her picture. The child standing beside her is Bongombe, for whose life she pleaded.

"There was the chilling sound of wailing in the little Congo village, wailing such as only the hopelessness of dark heathenism can produce. Now and again, as the weird sound died down, the cry of a tiny baby could be heard from a bed of boughs in a low, thatch-roofed, smoke-filled mud hut. On the bed lay the lifeless form of a young mother, at whose side snuggled her new-born babe. The room, the doorway, the open space without, were filled with dark figures, rolling in the dust, swaying to the rhythm of the wail, or, besmeared with white clay, simply sitting there, coldly and vacantly chanting.

"But now the form of a woman appeared at the door, and a voice, rich in the tones of its native Lonkundo tongue, said, 'Some of us here have come to know about a life after death, and a God of love, and she who lies lifeless to-night believed in that God. Come, let us sing songs of comfort and love!' Late into the night could be heard song after song ascending from the few who knew happier tunes, and leading them, the earnest, though untrained voice of Nyang' Ocinda, the Christian woman who had come to bring comfort to her brother's house of mourning.

"Next day the relatives and the stricken husband made preparation according to ancient custom to bury the mother whose life was gone, and with her the living babe. Why should she be left on earth when her sustenance was taken away? Again Nyang'

Ocinda dared to face the formidable crowd; she, a woman, only a few years ago a mere possession of her husband, presumed to defy them. 'No, indeed you will not bury this babe with her mother! I myself will take and nurture her.'

"With her own money, aided at times by the Christian mission in her village, Nyang' bought imported milk. To-day Bongombe, the little baby, is a comely girl of about twelve years, in a mission boarding-school, of which Nyang' Ocinda is a trustee. Her father's interest has quickened since she has attained marriageable age, but steadfastly Nyang' Ocinda holds her love and says she shall never be sold into a harem.

"Nyang' Ocinda's good work does not stop with Bongombe alone. She is a friend and adviser to all the girls in the school. She gardens and does it well, high praise for a Congo woman! She goes up and down the banks of the Congo telling the story of love. Her home is an open house to those in trouble or affliction. Three days a week she spends at the hospital on the mission station, helping the women and children to find their proper quarters in this new maze of white man's wonders, or unobtrusively slipping in to tell the Christ story to some sufferer who is waiting for treatment. She is present at Sunday School; in the women's meetings she pleads for fuller consecration; often at the communion table she serves beside the deacons, who but so short a time ago would have been horrified at serving with a

woman. In the church board-meetings her advice is sought. Her name will live on and on, far beyond the limits of her own village, and surely she will joyfully hear, some day, the 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant!' "

Thus ends a brief account which might be expanded into a volume in itself. The names of hundreds might be written into the sentence which concludes the account of Nyang' Ocinda. No influence surpasses in importance that of the woman, be she Persian or African, Chinese or Indian, who goes about among her own people telling the Gospel story with simplicity and conviction.

CHAPTER II

The Teacher

EXCEPT motherhood, no vocation is so natural to a normal woman as teaching. Her maternal instinct fits her for the proper directing of the child, her tenderness smooths his difficult path, her patience makes her content to await results, long postponed though they may be.

Next to the influence of the evangelist and Bible-woman that of the mission teacher is most important. Bible-woman and evangelist reach the heart of the adult, the teacher influences the far more impressionable heart of the child. To supply foreign teachers for mission schools is an impossibility; to train Christian converts, and especially women converts is imperative. They must be not alone those who will take places in elementary schools, but above all those who will themselves become trainers of teachers. The ultimate effect of these lives it is impossible to gauge; their increase is that of geometrical progression.

Lilavati Singh

Such an influence was that of Lilavati Singh, born in India, near the city of Lucknow, of Christian parents. In her childhood she had the companionship of a lovely young mother who delighted in music, poetry and flowers. When she was ten years old her mother died and her father sent her first to a mission school in the village where they

lived, then through the forest in a bullock-cart to Miss Isabella Thoburn's boarding school at Lucknow. Willful, undisciplined, bright and eager, she was a promising but at times a trying pupil. It was not long before she learned to control her temper and to enjoy the new life. Recognizing her ability, Miss Thoburn took her to talk with little girls in zenanas, and on the way back and forth told her stories of Livingstone, Judson, Paton and other heroes. Said Miss Thoburn, "If you can once get the taste for this service, nothing else will satisfy you."

While she was still in school her father lost his property, and declining mission aid, she undertook to pay her fees by teaching. When she entered college her record gave her a government scholarship and thereafter she had no difficulty in meeting her expenses.

Having graduated, she taught under government auspices and was separated from missions and missionary life. She became cold and indifferent to religion, and filled with worldly ambition. But she could not forget her beloved teacher. One night her friends invited her to go with them to the theater, but when the time came, although she was in India and Miss Thoburn thousands of miles away in America, she imagined she could see her eyes looking sad and disappointed. She began to reflect upon Miss Thoburn's life and to recall the instruction she had received; finally she wrote to her that she was not

satisfied with secular work, but wished to take up some form of Christian service.

Miss Thoburn employed her at once in her school at Lucknow. The salary was small but with it she was content. She was the only Indian on the faculty and while the Americans considered her their equal the Europeans and Eurasians did not. Her work was hard, she found it difficult to win back her early faith. That she concealed many of her troubles is evidenced in a letter from Miss Thoburn: "It is not only that you have not given me an anxious thought since you came to work with me, but often, very often, you have been a comfort to me; the thought of you is an encouragement and comfort now; fifty times when I never said anything, made no sign, I have seen you bear trial patiently and overcome, so that I believe God has a great purpose for you, better than worldly position or recognition, and that He will use you more and more to lift up and save India."

For seventeen years she remained in the college. In 1899 she visited America with Miss Thoburn. Of her eloquence Miss Thoburn's brother, Bishop Thoburn said, "She began in a distinct voice and a quiet manner to make her plea for a higher education for the women of India. The audience listened, at first with interest, but soon with undisguised amazement. The quiet speaker before them spoke of English literature with an intelligent familiarity that surprised them beyond measure."

Returning to India, Miss Thoburn and Miss Singh

carried with them twenty thousand dollars for the college. Before Miss Singh sailed she attended the Ecumenical Missionary Conference in New York and there made a profound impression. She had another experience of a different sort, she submitted to a surgical operation, ominous in its character.

At the end of another year Miss Thoburn died and Miss Singh was called to the position of vice-principal of the college. The other missionaries had had little experience with its management; they depended entirely upon her. Orphan nieces and cousins also depended upon her. She said upon one occasion that she had had the care of cousins and nieces since she was seventeen years old, numbering ten in all.

A woman of keen intelligence, she was profoundly aware of the sins of India and the faults of Indian Christians. She said to a friend, "It has always been the weak side of Indian religion that they made a difference between religion and morals. The danger is now that Christianity may fall into the same lines. To be religious, to pray, to preach, to witness, to be stirred up to a revival—nothing is easier for Indians. But let us wait and see what moral effect this movement will have on the Indian churches."

She pleaded for and promoted the translation of good books, hoping that by reading them educated persons might be inspired to write. Impressed by the career of Booker Washington, she translated most of his biography for a Lucknow paper. In 1907 she was selected to go to Japan as the Indian delegate of the

Young Woman's Christian Association to the Student Federation Conference at Tokyo. She was astonished by the independence of the Japanese and she greatly admired the Japanese women. She spoke sorrowfully of her countrywomen. "It is all beautiful here, but like the mother who loves her sick, delicate, and unhappy child more than the beautiful and happy one, so the more I see of what the women of Japan have gained and accomplished, the more my heart aches with love for my poor beloved India and my own sisters there."

Living in the college dormitory she saw the need of a new building and planned for a large extension. In 1908, having come to the end of seventeen years of continuous service, with only her visit to America as a change—it could not possibly be called a rest—she agreed to come to America again for two years of further study and observation. At the end of this time it was expected that she would take the position of principal of the college, though to this she had not agreed. She visited Italy and Holland and made addresses in England. One student who heard her said that she wished she were forty women so that she might give every life to India.

In America she rested for a few months, then she began to make addresses. At Cincinnati she spoke of her appreciation of the work of those at home. Said she, "I see the work done by the members of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society in this country is in some respects even harder than that of the mis-

sionaries you send out. You have not seen the actual need of a Christless nation, you have not had the joy of preaching Him to hungry souls, and yet year after year you toil, sometimes with an aching body and a discouraged heart. To you I bring the words of Christ: *For I was an hungered and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in.* With thousands of miles between us, yet you had a heart large enough to take us in."

She secured that which she had come to ask for, an appropriation for the new building, but more and more with each day she felt her health failing. In Massachusetts a physician prescribed immediate surgical treatment. Returning to Cincinnati, where she had been in the hospital before, she submitted to a minor operation. After some months, while she was in Chicago, the necessity for a far more radical operation became apparent. This seemed at first successful, but it was soon evident that she could not survive. In Chicago she died, far from the grave of her friend Miss Thoburn in Lucknow Cemetery, beside whom she had hoped to be buried. Half humorously she said before her death, "If I die, people will be sorry for me and they will give money for my school."

Miss Singh's life is an evidence of the high achievement possible to Indian women when they are inspired by faith, freed by Christianity from the trammels of superstition and oppression, and aided by enlightened kinsfolk and friends.

Courtesy of Missionary Herald.

WAKUYAMA SAN, GLORY KINDERGARTEN, KOBE, FOR 34 YEARS

Mona Bose

Another teacher and educator of similar attainment is Mona Bose, learned, useful, beloved by hundreds, and honored by the government. About the middle of the last century her father was sent from his home near Calcutta in Bengal to take up medical government work in Lahore. He left his wife and young daughter with his parents. In Lahore he became converted to Christianity and when he sent for his family, his father refused to allow them to leave. He had become an outcaste and his wife could neither live with him nor communicate with him. Presently his daughter was married to a child only a little older than herself, who in a few years was burned to death.

Since her grandfather and uncles loved her dearly, the little widow was not turned over to her husband's family to become their drudge, but she had to bear the shame of being a widow. At last her relatives allowed her and her mother to go to Dr. Bose, provided he would have a highcaste cook prepare their food separately from his.

To this arrangement he consented. Upon their arrival he entered his little daughter in a Christian school and she and her mother became Christians. Three other daughters were born, Mona, Kheroth and Bino, who were sent first to Christian schools in India, then one by one to England. Mona and Bino became teachers, Kheroth a physician. When their father and mother died, they were made wards of a Christian friend.

Returning to India, Mona became head-mistress of the Victoria School for Girls in Lahore, an institution established by public-spirited citizens in order to further the education of Indian women and girls, and later taken over by the government. She was later the head of both the school and an annex in spacious grounds outside the city.

As the head of a government institution she was not allowed to give Christian instruction during school hours, but her own life and character, her activity in the Naulakha Presbyterian Church, her conducting of a Sunday School which all the pupils were at liberty to attend, and her close friendship with Christian missionaries were lessons to be seen and read of all.

It is impossible to give an account of Miss Bose and omit an account of her family. The older sister, whose husband was burned to death in her childhood, became a mother to her younger sisters after Mrs. Bose died. She afterwards married a Christian, Mr. Datta, and again was bereft of her husband. But how different was her position—she was now a Christian widow, honored and respected. She became a Bible-woman of the Presbyterian mission and she and her three little children lived with Miss Mona Bose. Her son is now a prominent figure in national Indian life. He has been professor in Forman Christian College, a Y. M. C. A. Secretary with the Indian troops in France, and a member of the Legislative Council of the government of India.

Kheroth Bose is a physician in charge of a large Missionary medical work at Asrapur where she is assisted by her niece. Kheroth as well as her famous sister, has been honored by recognition from the government.

Sarah Philip

Still another teacher belonging to an Indian Christian family is Sarah Philip, grand-daughter of the Morari Samuel who, listening to a missionary preacher in the bazaar at Guntur, sought out those who could tell him more of the gospel. Diminutive in figure, bright of face, keen of mind, she was noted in the University of Madras for her thorough and scientific work in the department of astronomy. She was the first woman of Guntur to receive a degree from the University of Madras, and she is now a teacher in the High School of the mission in which she was brought up. Her interest in astronomy was not only scientific but practical and aesthetic; she was president of the Star Club and led her friends to study the constellations.

Devairrakkan Abraham

In a village in another part of Southern India lived a bazaar keeper whose name was Abraham. His house was built of brick and mud and had an oriental flat roof; surrounding it were rice fields and coconut trees. To the first of his four children he gave the name of Devairrakkan, which means "God's mercy." Devairrakkan went to school and proved to have a good mind. American mis-

sionaries who taught in the village were so impressed with her ability that they sent her to Capron Hall School in Madura. Soon after she entered High School her mother died, and henceforth she felt herself to be responsible for her two little sisters. One of them was allowed to be with her in school and she had oversight of both.

When she declared her intention of entering college the missionaries assisted her, even though, since there was no women's college in that part of India, it was necessary for her to go to a man's college. She has grown to be a noble and useful woman, broad-minded, generous and of good judgment. Returning to Capron Hall to teach she has started an association of Girl Guides, which is connected with the international organization. The object of the members is to become good comrades, clean home-makers, and useful Christians.

Koshum Sokey "Joy"

Koshum Sokey, whose name means "joy," was born into an Indian Christian family in the territory of Chota Nagpur, high above sea-level. When her mother died, she was sent to be under the care of an aunt who was in the training School for teachers at Ranchi in a mission established by Germans. When her aunt finished her course and could no longer take care of her, her father placed her in a school for girls supported by Anglican missionaries. Here she was confirmed, and in higher Anglican schools prepared herself to become a teacher.

She taught for three years and then entered college.

In the meantime the world war brought about sorrowful changes at Ranchi. The German missionaries, after seventy years of residence, were compelled to leave their people and their schools. The work did not cease, however; aided by other Lutherans it became autonomous, that is self-supporting and self-governing.

The standing of the Girls' School had been raised, and a head-mistress was sought. There was Kushum Sokey, a child of the school, now busy with her college studies, and expecting to return to the Anglican mission with which she had been connected and whose child by adoption she was. Would it be possible to secure her? The principal of the Anglican school allowed her to accept, though she loved Kushum dearly and depended upon her.

The position was one of heavy responsibility and Kushum was only twenty-two years old. Instead of working under the direction of those older and more experienced, she would be the head of a staff on which were both men and women. She would have the handling of large sums in fees and government grants, she would have to look after the welfare of more than three hundred girls and be to them a daily example of right living. But the Ranchi people were her people, and she decided that she would return to them and do her best for them.

Tactful, enthusiastic, and subject also to the discouragement certain to befall the enthusiastic, she

set to work with poor equipment and crowded rooms. It was difficult to readjust herself to the customs of her people, it was desperately disappointing to fail in one of the college examinations which she had still to take. Nevertheless she persisted and in a second trial passed successfully. She not only carried on regular classes, but devoted herself to the collection of funds for a new building, looked after the sick, managed the school gardens, checked up the accounts of others, attended to the tabulation of statistics for the government, and assisted in the Christian work of the community. Once, grieved and discouraged by criticism, she resigned, but she was soon persuaded that the sum of approval far surpassed the sum of disapproval and she returned.

Interested in, and copying Western ways, Japan is sending its young women to school and college. In many non-Christian countries those who are educated are necessarily Christian because from and along with the Gospel has come the only intellectual advance. In Japan careful distinction must be made to avoid ascribing to the educated an accompanying belief in Christianity.

In 1873 the government, so long unfriendly to the rest of the world, ordered the final removal of anti-Christian posters throughout the nation. One poster read as follows: "So long as the sun shall continue to warm the earth let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan, and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christian's God, or the great God

himself, if he dare violate this command, shall pay for it with his head." Two years before this time the minister of colonization had decided that educated women would be needed in the upbuilding of the new nation, and he selected with the permission of their parents five intelligent girls of good family ranging from seven to fifteen years of age, to go to America and receive foreign education. So important was this undertaking that the Empress granted the prospective students an audience, though she remained hidden behind a screen. Two of the girls soon returned to Japan; the other three remained in schools in Washington, New York, and New Haven and all became Christians. Eventually one married General Oyama, commander-in-chief of the Japanese Army in the Russo-Japanese War, another married a distinguished naval commander. The third, Ume Tsuda, satisfied all the ambitions of her friends. Returning to Japan when she was seventeen, having left at seven, she had forgotten her native language and customs, but she determined to make herself as good a Japanese as she had become an American.

Ume Tsuda*

She was an interpreter to the wife of Prince Ito until, in 1885, she became a teacher in the Peeresses' School for the daughters of the nobility. Still holding this position she was allowed three years of further study at Bryn Mawr where she specialized in English literature, in history and science. In 1898 she was

*The earthly labors of Miss Tsuda have recently been ended.

appointed delegate to the biennial convention of Women's Clubs in Denver, where a newspaper said of her, "she delivered one of the best five-minute speeches at the convention, best in composition, delivery, grace and voice."

In 1900 she founded a school for girls, especially to prepare those who were to teach English in government institutions. In five years its standing had become so high that graduates were given positions in normal schools without examination. It continues to be one of the best schools in Japan. Of its 317 graduates in 1921, 130 were teaching, 16 were studying, and 128 were married, many to men in important positions. Miss Tsuda's fine Christian character has impressed not only hundreds of students but has had an effect upon the development of woman's education in Japan.

She speaks without uncertainty of the need for Christian education. "The Japanese girls are capable, have good minds, and some of them are very talented. But as the result of the old training they lack self-confidence and initiative and, above all, strength of will. Yet to encourage these, as some would do, without the basis of religion and especially Christianity, and with the development of mind and the reasoning powers, brings in the greatest elements of danger. What is needed is the growth of the spiritual life, a real training of the understanding, moral teachings that fit the new conditions in modern Japan, and which would develop a realization of the possibilities

MISS YI-FANG WU, B.A., M.A., PH.D., PRESIDENT OF GINLING COLLEGE

that come from freedom—in a word, Christian education on higher lines."

Tetsu Yasui

In Japan there is a Union Christian College for Women, founded by Baptist, Christian, Canadian Methodist, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, and Reformed Church of America Missions. Its first president was Doctor Nitobe, a distinguished Christian scholar and author. In his absence as secretary of the League of Nations, the head of the College is Tetsu Yasui, like Miss Tsuda a woman of high attainment and position. Graduating from the normal school in Tokyo she was sent to England by the Department of Education and there studied for three years at Cambridge. Returning home she taught in the higher normal school at Tokyo; then, at the summons of the King of Siam, spent three years instructing the royal princesses and directing the progress of women's education; then accepted a position in the Union Christian College, where she has remained. The college offers three-year junior and two-year senior courses, with two departments, one for literature and one for social science, and also a special course in English, covering a period of four years. Miss Yasui has an honorary degree from Mt. Holyoke College.

Michi ko Matsuda

Fifty years ago a group of American Christian women sent to Dr. Neesima, the president of Doshisha School for boys in Kyoto,

this message: "Educate young girls." Doshisha University now includes a college for girls with an enrollment of about fourteen hundred, and academy, domestic science, music, college and university departments. In the university department there is full co-education. The dean of the women's department is Michi ko Matsuda, of Kobe College in Japan, of Bryn Mawr and Columbia. Like the Union Women's College, the school has government recognition.

In a record which must include many biographies, some must of necessity be brief. Concerning a number of Japanese teachers whose attainment is notable, and who have long occupied important positions, there is but sparse information. It is known that they are the product of Christian schools, that they are truly Christian in their lives, but there is little else. Biographers of their own race will doubtless in the future make grateful record of their contribution to the uplifting of their nation. From a long list four have been selected for brief mention. They are Waka Ninomiya, Maju Takamori, Yoshiko Susuki, and Kiso Wakuyama.

Waka Ninomiya Waka Ninomiya was the first Japanese woman to teach in a primary school. She began with three pupils and in a short time had three hundred and sixty. In addition, all being under mission auspices of the Methodist Church, there grew up two other primary schools, a sewing-

school, a kindergarten and two day nurseries. Into her family, though she had eight children of her own, she received orphans and girls who were trying to escape from slavery. The Government of the Prefecture has frequently honored her with medals.

Maju Takamori Maju Takamori was baptized by a Christian minister, together with her whole family, her grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, and five sisters. She has given in all thirty-six years of service in Christian education, her mother has been for many years a Bible-woman and all her sisters have been teachers in the mission schools. She took four diplomas, college, music, normal and kindergarten. Having had practical experience in teaching, she came to America and studied at the Chicago Kindergarten College and at Columbia University, where she received a Master's degree. She is now instructing kindergarten teachers in Osaka.

Yoshiko Susuki Yoshiko Susuki was born in the home of her grandparents, her father having deserted her mother before she was born. When she was still an infant, her mother's brother and his wife pleaded to be allowed to adopt her. They had lost their only son and were extremely anxious to have a member of their own family as their child. Kind, intelligent and prosperous they gave Susuki the best available education, including a course in music.

So ardent was her devotion to practising and study

that her health failed and the doctor warned her foster-parents that she continued at the risk of her life. In despair she wished that she might die. The Christian daughter of the gate-keeper suggested to her young mistress that she go with her to Sunday school. At first Susuki refused, but one evening, feeling especially lonely and unhappy, she went to call upon the missionary.

She was ambitious to learn English, and the missionary taught her not only English but the Bible, and Susuki went with her to church. There, convinced of sin, she heard and believed the promise of Jesus, *Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.*

When suddenly her foster-father failed and the home was broken up, the way was opened for her to devote herself to missionary work. At the end of her training as a kindergarten teacher she failed to pass the physical examination and her certificate was denied her. She was at first deeply disappointed but she determined to accept cheerfully what she believed to be the will of God and she took an inferior position. Her health improved and for eight years she was happy except for one circumstance. The children were hers to teach by day, but at night when they went home that which they learned was declared to be untrue. She is now at the Aisenryo orphanage in Tokyo where her charges are hers both day and night and she is their mother and their teacher as well. Already a number of efficient Bible-women are the fruits of her influence and training.

Kiso Wakuyama Kiso Wakuyama was born near Kobe in a small town three hundred years old and with customs as ancient as itself. Her father was a Samurai or knight who was allowed as a great honor to carry two swords. The ruling prince required of his subordinates a Spartan life. No one was allowed to play a musical instrument or to wear fine clothes or to go the theater. Every one worked hard; the men raised vegetables and fruit for their tables and secured what little meat they had by hunting. Cloth was spun, woven and made up at home. The simplicity of life did not prevent it from being noble and beautiful. The cultivating of flowers was not forbidden, nor was the reading or making of poetry.

Alas! one day there came a change. The princes were commanded to pass over their property to the government and to retire to private life. No longer able to rely upon his ruler, Wakuyama's father joined his friends in the purchase of a tea-field. Having no experience, they failed, and the proud Samurai went to be a cook for the missionaries at the girls' school in Kobe.

What a calamity it must have seemed to him! But for his daughter it was far otherwise. She had already been taught the elements of learning at home; now she had an opportunity to advance, and in a few years she had graduated from the school. She selected the profession of kindergartner, though at that time kindergartners were called "children's nursemaids"

and were held in low esteem. Now the little children of her first pupils are themselves pupils. Her success cannot be entirely attributed to her Christian training; its foundation was the example and instruction which she received from her noble father.

Misa Nonaka

Of Misa Nonaka, another Japanese, we have a touching and somewhat full account. She was the child of an old priest and his younger wife who had never been far away from the lonely temple in the mountains where the priest's father and grandfather before him worshipped their idols. Childless, they longed for a son who should carry on the family ceremonies. At last a child was born, but it was an unwelcome girl. Chagrined and ashamed, the mother made whenever possible long journeys from temple to temple, the baby strapped on her back. She wore a white dress and at each temple the priest put a red stamp upon it. When many dresses had been covered, she believed that she was forgiven for having a girl instead of a boy.

Little Misa also had a part to perform in securing forgiveness for her mother—she must as soon as possible have a son to take her place at the shrine. She was married at fifteen to an unworthy man and when her boy was born her father took him away from her. Desolate, she occupied her time with her studies. One day, unable to endure life, she ran away to Nagasaki where long before Christians had been slain. High on a hill with a cross above it stood a school of

which ghastly things were told. There, however, she could get an education by working for it, and thither she went to enroll. She wrote her father what she had done, saying, "If I am hanged for it, I shall stick to my own gods."

She experienced only kindness and love, she was taught about Jesus and about heaven. Especially did she learn that her mother had committed no sin in bearing a girl instead of a boy and that she herself was equal to a man in God's sight. Her heart was softened and impressed by the lives of the missionaries and their story of a loving God. When she wrote to her father that she had become a Christian he replied, "I have now no daughter. If you ever come back, you shall be stoned from the village."

For years Misa taught in the mission kindergarten, then she opened a kindergarten of her own in a village called Ogi, near Saga. At first she had only two pupils but soon children gathered about her when she appeared on the street. Presently her room was crowded; the mothers came to see what their children found so interesting, then to hear Misa preach and teach. A lot was bought, the owner selling it at a low price because of his respect for Misa, and the villagers had a garden planted. Of the effect of her life and teaching the mayor said: "She has made a new town from an old."

But Misa was not happy. Deep in her heart was pain, never-ceasing. When she saw children playing, she thought of her son, being brought up in the

heathen temple. When she ventured back, she was ill-treated, but she continued to write to her father and to send little Torau kimonos and coats. At last her father grew ill and could no longer take care of Torau who was now thirteen, and Misa had him once more.

Torau had been taught to hate the Christian religion and he adored his grandmother; it was not easy to win his love and confidence. Misa was always kind, but always firm. She labored day and night doing all kinds of menial work in order that home might be pleasant and that he might have a Christian education. Presently mothers began to ask her to teach them to train their sons to be like Torau, so obedient and respectful. She often went cold and hungry, but she put him through a Christian college. By this time she was an old woman.

Misa is still at work for her Lord who has sustained her and given her the desire of her heart. She is at present in charge of the old people at the Colony of Mercy at her beloved mission at Kumamoto.

Mrs. Li Ten Ken

In China where missions have a long history, the children and grandchildren of Christians have been teachers. Mrs. Li Ten Ken of Peking was the daughter of a Christian scholar who instructed missionaries in his native language. His brother became a missionary in Yunan. Of Mrs. Li's father we have this delightful picture:

"He was a very dignified little old gentleman with

RADA EVANOVA PAVLOVE, BULGARIA

high principles, a spiritual man who had keen insight into spiritual truth, and very high ideals as to the walk and conversation of a true son of Han and a child of God. He was a man of keen wit, and his great resourcefulness as a teacher of newcomers who were utterly ignorant of Chinese while he himself knew not a word of English, did much to enliven my first homesick days, and to give some glimmers of hope in the face of what seemed an impossible task. His desire that the service of the Lord's house should lack nothing in reverence, and that men should be impressed by what they saw and heard, was manifest when on the Sabbath he rose to preach, in the way in which he laid aside his sable hat—he had been an official in earlier days—so that he should conform fully to the Pauline instruction, and his big, horn-rimmed glasses, so that no one who knew Chinese etiquette should be offended."

As a little girl, Mrs. Li entered the mission school, and graduating at seventeen, began to teach. Her Christian associations were continued upon her marriage to Li Ten Ken who was connected with the same mission as a preacher. Henceforth she devoted half of each day to teaching. A missionary describes her life:

"She kept her house and her children immaculate, and as the wife of the pastor always had time for outside questions and interests. She was a natural student. She kept up her English study as she was able and constantly sought to improve the quality of her

teaching in arithmetic and Bible which were her subjects. She had poise, dignity, thoroughness, sincerity, love of learning and respect for personality. Hundreds of girls passed through her classes. She was deeply interested in their lives; and often at critical times brought to bear all her strong personality against the mistakes which she felt might seriously affect their characters or work. The last years of her life were handicapped by frail health; but her energy and her interests were those of the life abundant."

Mrs. Li died in July, 1927, having served the church as a teacher continuously for thirty-six years.

Mrs. S. T. Law

For forty years Mrs. S. T. Law has been connected with the True Light Seminary in Canton, China. Born of Christian parents, she lost her father when she was a little girl. A missionary recalls her standing beside him at the moment of his death reminding him that he had served the Lord and that those who were left behind would be taken care of.

After the death of her father, her mother became a teacher in the Seminary. Her teaching was of a curious sort. Having had no education herself she sat in the school room as the disciplinarian while at her side her thirteen-year old daughter conducted the classes. In less than two years she died, leaving to the care of her daughter a young brother, who became a Christian physician and was employed in the mission hospital. Early left a widow, Mrs. Law returned to

the school, bringing her little daughter. There she has remained, occupying an increasingly responsible position. In 1924 there was a celebration of the fortieth anniversary of her connection with the school. Addresses were made in her honor and she was the recipient of many gifts and messages. She said in her report that three factors had made her life possible; first she had been born into a Christian home; second, she had had the opportunity of Christian education; and third, the difficulties, hardships and disappointments of her life had taught her to help others.

The brother whom she so dearly loved looked forward to opening a medical office in their native town, far away from Canton, but he did not live to carry out his plan; his wife, however, was one of those to found a school and begin medical work. His two daughters and son are respectively physician, nurse and clergyman. Mrs. Law's own daughter was early received into the church, and after teaching in the True Light Seminary went to America where she graduated from Mount Holyoke College. Mrs. Law journeyed to America to be present at her graduation. This young woman is the great, great grand-daughter of one of the first Bible-women in Canton.

In the organization of the church of Christ of China, Mrs. Law took an active part. She was an elder in her own congregation and a member of the Executive Board of the Synod. Her official position is Secretary of Work for Women in Kwong Tung. She visits congregations, organizes the women into societies, trains

lay-workers, conducts evangelistic meetings, and in other ways promotes the growth of the church.

As in Japan, so in China, selection will have to be made for a brief record of faithful Christian service. Three teachers have been selected, Miss Tseng, Miss Wu and Miss Zia.

Miss Tseng

Miss Tseng of Changsha is a granddaughter of the celebrated Teng Kuo-fan, who saved Changsha from the T'ai Ping rebels and was highly esteemed by General Gordon. She was sent to a school of the Church Missionary Society and became a Christian and a church-member. She continued her education in London, and returning to Changsha established in her ancestral home a school of high grade. This school continued to be a center of learning and light until it was closed by the Communists in 1927 and Miss Tseng was obliged to take refuge in England. As soon as it is possible for her to return she will do so. When the Communists seized the property and ordered the students to leave, they held a final meeting and singing "Onward Christian Soldiers" marched out.

Yi-Fang Wu

The missionary who has written the biography of Yi-Fang Wu speaks of her Christian spirit. Her parents and grandparents were church-members in Ningpo and her father is evangelist in the Ningpo Hospital. She went first to a missionary day-school, then to the Sarah Batchelor

Memorial School. Each of the six Wu children was assisted from mission funds or by money contributed directly by Americans. Yi-Fang earned as much as she could by tutoring and for the last two years of her schooling devoted all her time to a wealthy girl who eventually became a Christian.

She was able with some help from the church, to attend Ginling college where in spite of poor health and the prevalence of a strange dialect she took an active part in all Christian activities. She is now president of her alma mater.

Grace Zia

In the Zia family of Ningpo there are nine children. The father is well-to-do and anxious for the advancement of his girls as well as his boys. Persuaded by a friend that the best instruction was to be had in the mission school, he allowed his oldest daughter to attend. Her Chinese name was Peng-jing, but when she began to study English, she selected the name Grace. Presently came her sister Li-tsing, whose name became Ethel, then a younger sister.

All made rapid progress, but when Grace who had reached the Eighth grade told her father that she wished to become a Christian he answered that if she carried out this intention he would remove not only her, but her younger sisters as well. At a school meeting she explained why she could not be baptized. "For myself I could endure the sorrow of being removed, but my sisters are still too young to under-

stand Christianity and I do not know enough to teach them. I must wait a little later to be baptized. So now please help me and my sisters to learn."

During her Senior year, she could resist no longer the impulse to confess her faith. Her father allowed her to graduate, but informed her that all support from home would now cease and she must henceforth look after herself. Determined to go to college, she earned her way, first by making lace which her teacher sold for her in America, then by teaching for a year. She is now Vice-principal in the Sarah Batchelor School where she received her own education. Her sister Ethel was baptized in her senior year and is a teacher. The youngest of the three is also a Christian.

Pilley Kim Choi

Whatever may be the meaning of the name Pilley Kim, it has a strange sound to occidental ears. It must have, however, a very lovely sound to Pilley's friends. She was born in a well-to-do family in Northern Korea in 1884. Her father and three elder brothers held offices under the government; her mother came from a humbler station in life but was a woman of strong character and fine mind. Her intelligence is indicated by the fact that she allowed her little girl to go to the village school with the boys. Not only were schools for girls unheard of, but education for girls was practically unknown. To this general condition there was one sorrowful exception—prospective prostitutes were

educated so that they might attract and hold the affection of their patrons.

Presently missionaries established in the neighboring city of Seoul a Christian school for boys and thither went one of Pilley's brothers. His father had died and he had a sense of responsibility for his mother and his brothers and sister. He came into contact with Christianity and was baptized. His mother continued to be faithful to her religion, and one day during her absence he destroyed her idols. Probably she had been gradually yielding; now, seeing that the gods were in no way able to resist destruction or to restore themselves, she abandoned her old faith and became an earnest inquirer and afterwards an ardent Christian worker. For ten years she went about in her own neighborhood, carrying on a campaign of evangelization.

Pilley was the constant companion of her mother who talked to her, prayed with her and taught her the Bible. Especially she told her that she wished her to be an instrument of God to glorify His name. The little church nearby was under the supervision of a pioneer missionary who before any candidate was baptized gave him a thorough examination. What was his astonishment when Pilley, who was only seven years old, asked that she be examined. When he said that she must wait until she was older her grief was so violent that finally a few questions were put to her. So well did she answer that the examination was continued for two hours, and so satisfactory

was the result that she was baptized into the Church and the next day partook of her first communion.

In a short time, the family moved to Seoul and there Pilley attended a mission school for girls. A member of the first class to graduate, she was also one of the first Korean women to receive a Western education. She became a teacher in the school, and afterwards the head-teacher.

In spite of the fact that her education was so far superior to that of her countrymen, she realized that the gap between it and that of the missionaries was even wider. She proposed to depart to Tokyo and there study in the Woman's Christian College. Such an undertaking had never been heard of. Only women of the lower class ever appeared on the street except in the company of an older relative, and then usually veiled and at night. Many women grew up in sight of the shops without ever having entered. A woman was the slave of the men of her family, she was supposed neither to have nor to desire any individuality.

Nevertheless Pilley set forth and for eight years applied herself to study. She learned Japanese and English, she studied the Bible and apologetics. She had already received excellent Bible training in the mission school, where she had memorized and recited all the New Testament.

Returning to her country in 1916, she taught in her alma mater in the daytime and in the evening conducted night schools for young women. A change was

coming about in public opinion and everywhere women's organizations were being formed. In these Pilley took an active interest, persuading them to call themselves Young Women's Christian Associations, and hoping that they might some time become affiliated with the international Association. She assisted in raising funds to send a young Korean to the training-school of the Association in New York City.

In 1918 she was married to a physician, Dr. Choi, not as had been the custom in her country by sale and purchase, but after a courtship such as that of any Christian country and by a Christian ceremony. Though she was so advanced, she was willing to follow out old customs in one particular. Her mother-in-law expected her to be her slave and drudge. For a year she carried the family clothing to the stream and washed it, enduring the heat of the summer sun and breaking the ice in winter to reach the water. She cultivated the garden, kept the house clean, cooked, spun and wove. When her mother-in-law learned that she could add to the family income by teaching, she was allowed to give up her hard tasks and become a member of the faculty in the Jennie Speer School for girls in Kwangju, where she lived.

She was extremely anxious to establish a Christian home which should be as a beacon to those about her, and such it proved to be, her neighbors bringing to her all their problems, both spiritual and domestic.

She did not accept a position in the Jennie Speer School until after the death of her only child. From

this time on she became more and more indefatigable in helping the women of her country. Realizing the dearth of suitable reading material she translated the Sunday School lessons for beginners and various stories and fables for children.

Still she was not satisfied. Everywhere there were demands for teachers, doctors, nurses, church leaders and Bible-women. On visits to many mission schools she heard in each the same appeal for help. She saw clearly that the leaders of her nation must have a still better education than she had had. Her husband went to America for higher study and in December, 1924, she followed him, entering Agnes Scott College in Atlanta, Georgia, as a Junior and graduating the next year. She then entered Columbia University for work in Teachers' College. Living in International House in companionship with students from sixty different nations, she became interested in all the peoples of the world. By her profound Christian experience she was able to strengthen the faith of many students who had come from the Orient to prepare themselves for Christian leadership.

Having received her Master's degree before an audience of five thousand, she returned to Korea with her husband who had completed his medical work. She is supervisor of instruction in the Jennie Speer School, is president of the auxiliary of a large church, and is constantly called upon to speak at conferences of many kinds. She remains, in spite of her achievements, humble in spirit and simple in

heart. Upon her return to her country she returned also to Korean costume and manners, because thus she can show that education and even education in America, need not make a woman immodest or unlike her fellows. Whatever the future of Korean women, it is Mrs. Choi of brilliant mind, indomitable will and warm heart who has won their freedom for them.

Almaz Hourani "Diamond"

Almaz Hourani, whose given name means "diamond," was born many years ago in a mountain village in Syria. Older people remembered that she arrived in the time of the harvesting of the kharrub pods, but what year it was no one knows, though afterwards her friends guessed that it was about 1865. She was self-willed and of high temper but fortunately she had a Christian mother of strength and character, and when Almaz, growing weary of learning Aleph, Bay, Tay, ran down the hill and home, her mother spanked her first and then lifting her to her shoulder carried her back. In school she learned not only Aleph, Bay, Tay, but many Bible verses and hymns.

So well did she study that she was selected from among her mates to enter Sidon Seminary. Having graduated with honor in the first class, she became a teacher in the Seminary and remained there for forty-seven years, except for one year spent in the American School for Girls in Beirut. The missionary who writes her biography speaks of her long term as "forty-seven years of conscientious, faithful, loving

service." Her department was chiefly Arabic grammar and in this difficult subject she excelled, assisting in the preparation of numerous Arabic books.

Kind, sympathetic and patient, she is deeply loved both by the Syrian girls and by the missionaries. She is a true Christian. She dearly loved the mother to whom she owed so much. Upon her last visit her mother said to her, "I am no longer young nor strong and I may die at any time. If you hear of my death you will know that I have gone to be with the Saviour and I am singing in heaven. I want you to open your mouth and sing too, and not mourn in the native way." In a few months came the word that Mrs. Hourani had died and her daughter carried out her wish; she stayed in her room for a day to pay respect to her mother and to receive the condolences of her friends; then she took up her regular duties and at morning and evening prayers opened her mouth and tried to sing with the rest.

Said her friends, "a wayward, thoughtless little village girl, a far-seeing and ambitious Christian mother, a simple school in the village—this was the beginning of a life whose influence is impossible to estimate. It has reached out to North and South—America, England, Egypt and the Soudan, and to all places where her Syrian pupils are living."

Rada Evanova Pavlova

Strong in body, intelligent, beautiful in her rich national costume, Rada Evanova Pavlova is a Bulgarian, born

in a small town about fifty years ago. Her father owned a shop and some other property. When Rada was still a little girl her mother became discontented with the religion in which she had been brought up and hearing an American missionary was convinced that Protestantism was the true faith. In spite not merely of opposition but of persecution she joined the Protestant Church.

Soon there came into the life of the little girl a serious calamity. The Turks attacked the village and her father was killed in defense of the town. She and her mother and sisters were able to escape to the mountains and there she was found and was sent with other orphans to a German school in Constantinople. When the school was no longer able to keep the Bulgarian children they were sent home, and Rada entered a Girls' Boarding School, where she earned her schooling and from which she graduated at the age of eighteen. The American Missionary School at Monastir offered her a place as teacher and she accepted, though it was far from her home in Bulgaria. Each year she laid away as much as she could so that she might study in America. Finally she was able to go to New York for three years to attend a Bible-training and medical school. She then returned to Monastir and taught for eight years. After a year's vacation she returned for ten years of steady service.

During this long period she has taught every grade and almost every subject. Tactful, lovable and at-

tractive, she is mother, sister and friend to everyone who needs her.

Margaret Stewart

Margaret Stewart, early bereft of her mother, was brought up by her father, Henry Stewart, an active and notable Christian native at Mt. Coffee in Liberia, Africa. When she was ten years of age she was sent to the Emma V. Day Memorial School where, having completed her studies in the grades and having had two years of High School, she became a teacher. She loves music and has been trained to play and sing. She is an intellectual and moral inspiration for her people, a good example of the second generation mission product. Her story is simple, but it is one which brings inestimable satisfaction to missionaries in a land where converts are few and disappointments many. Her persistence in well-doing is as remarkable as the success of a Kushum Sokey or a Ume Tsuda.

The life of the teacher in non-Christian lands is perhaps less picturesque than that of the Bible-woman. She is apt to meet with fewer difficulties in preparation; she comes, moreover, in many cases from a Christian and enlightened family. Her course of study is shorter than that of the physician, the obstacles she must overcome fewer than those of the social worker. Her reward, however, is no less rich.

CHAPTER III

Physicians and Nurses

PRECIOUS to God and to those who love Him is the life and work of the least of His children; precious also is the life and work of those of intellect and ability who are as light-houses set on a height. No missionary agent can be more truly effective than the Christian physician, who is physician and evangelist in one. He exercises in his profession the virtues which Christianity magnifies—tenderness, devotion, self-sacrifice. He has the opportunity to speak when the heart is softened by suffering, and when the mind is at leisure to hear and consider.

Of the five Indian Bible-women described together in Chapter One, two received their first Christian teaching in the mission hospital. Siu-ling who in her native village has induced many to become Christians was won by medical attention to her little girl. Mrs. Tu Kinan, who stands firm in political troubles which threaten her life, visited a Christian church for the first time in order to thank the missionary doctor for her life and that of her baby. These instances might be multiplied by hundreds.

Said an Indian woman to her teacher, "I have heard you tell about Christianity, but I never understood what you meant until I entered the hospital." The speaker came from a zenana, never could she have been helped physically or spiritually had it not

been for the fact that there was a woman teacher and a woman physician at hand. Vast is the field, those who are sent or who will go are but a handful—how incalculably valuable are the services of women who can be trained to serve as teachers, physicians and nurses for those of their own nation and locality!

Dr. P. Paru

Dr. Paru, of Cannanore on the coast of Malabar in South India, is physician at once to soul and body. Her father was a lawyer, prominent in his profession, and of such advanced views that he was at one time almost ostracized by his fellow citizens. He was interested in reforms of many kinds, he protested and wrote against idolotry, and he advocated many sanitary improvements in his town. His house was large and most pleasantly situated in a compound planted with coconut palms and banana trees. There his many children grew up happily and in their education and behavior he was profoundly interested.

Paru's mother who was his first wife, was killed by a stroke of lightning when Paru was two years old, and there developed a peculiarly close relation between the little girl and her father. The children played in the compound always under the supervision of a trusted servant. Frequently the father would leave his desk in his office and look in upon them, listen to them and watch their conduct. He had definite plans for the future of Paru. Though he was not a Christian, he studied and admired the Bible, and

ENG-MAE CHOW, NINGPO, CHINA

PILLEY KIM CHOI, KOREA

MRS. S. T. LAW, CHINA TRUE LIGHT SCHOOL

SARAH PHILIP, FIRST GIRL OF GUNTUR TO RECEIVE B. A. DEGREE

calling her into his study, he read to her the Old and New Testaments as well as the sacred books of her own people. He filled her soul with a desire to help others. His intention, advanced indeed for his day, was that she should become a physician and practise among her own people.

As a little child she was sent to a convent school and there she heard of family prayers. When she returned home she prayed to God with her brothers and sisters, but, said she, "not in the name of Christ." Her father prepared for the separation which must presently take place by sending her to spend the week-days with a relative in the town; so that when she went away from home to High School, the break was less difficult.

When her High School course was completed, her father announced that she was to enter the Medical College in Madras. From all his friends and relatives rose a storm of objection. Paru was not the first Indian woman to take this course, and in the case of some it had resulted in moral ruin. To step from the seclusion of a home into the world tested too unfairly the stamina of any woman. But Paru's father persisted in his determination and she remained firm in the principles of modesty and morality which he had taught her.

He arranged for her to live in the Indian Hostel of the Y. W. C. A., thus providing for her comfort and safety out of school hours. There she formed close friendships with Christian women, so that as she

studied text-books and practised the use of the scalpel and stethoscope, she was learning to love and admire those who, though they were aliens, had come to serve her country, and through them the Master who prompted their unselfishness and devotion.

When her medical course was finished she became an assistant to Dr. Anna S. Kugler of the Guntur Hospital, in order that she might acquire the necessary experience for one who expected to undertake a general medical and surgical practise. In this hospital she remained for twelve years, circumstances postponing her return to her home.

When she went to Guntur she was already a Christian at heart; there she determined that she must be baptized and confess her faith openly. Her father whom she so dearly loved did not approve; he was unwilling for her thus to separate herself from her kinsfolk with whom she could have no longer the pleasant intimate life of her childhood. Her oldest brother wrote to her harshly, saying that she had disgraced her family, and when she went home to visit, he would not speak to her. She persisted, however, and was baptized. Her friend Doctor Kugler said of her determination: "It hurt her to wound the father who was her dearest earthly friend, but he it was who had taught her to be true to her convictions of right."

From the day of her baptism she added evangelistic work to her medical and surgical work. Her opportunities to speak a word in season were many. Sometimes she saw as many as a hundred and sev-

enty patients in the dispensary in a single morning. She instructed the Indian pupil-nurses in the training-school and spoke to them of her faith with the authority of one for whom they had profound admiration. She increased in skill, and though her own language was Tamil, she wrote for the use of the midwives and nurses a Manual on Midwifery in Telugu.

At last, much as she loved the hospital and the mission and her associates, she could no longer postpone her departure. "It is like taking off my right arm," said Dr. Kugler. Paru's brother, long since reconciled, came to take her home; as he rolled up her rugs he said joyfully, "This is the last time, Sister!"

The missionaries and the community did not share his joy. Farewell meetings were held, not only by Christians, but by Hindus and by the municipality itself. In this meeting all classes participated, and Dr. Paru was presented with a silver tray holding a gift of six hundred rupees with which to buy instruments for her work.

So grateful were the missionaries among whom she had lived so long that they arranged for her to pay a visit to America. It was intended as a holiday, but a holiday of the sort which sends the maker home refreshed, inspired and better equipped. She was an observer at the Lankenau hospital, and she took at Johns Hopkins a course in social work in rural communities. She attended various meetings and was

persuaded to make a few addresses. In spite of all her experience and her skill, she was extremely shy, and spoke with hesitation, especially if there were men present. Her remarks were brief and simple, but they were unforgettable.

"I have been thinking about what I could say that would interest you. I shall describe an operation in the Lankenau hospital; then I shall describe an operation at Cannanore." She pictured first the shining, brilliantly-lighted amphitheater with its eager observers and its white-gowned surgeon, waiting until the patient, bathed, shrouded in his operating robe, and already anesthetized, should be wheeled in for a few quick strokes of the knife, and then out, to be cared for with the elaborate devices of the modern hospital. Then she pictured a small hut, floored with earth, the patient lying on dirty mats in the corner, surrounded by shrieking relatives and a witch-doctor, her body cruelly burned to exorcise the evil spirits which were supposed to possess it. She described the driving out of the curious and concerned throng, the spreading of a sterilized cloth, the antiseptic bath, the careful surgery, which might save a life and win the confidence of a village, or which might hasten the end which seemed imminent, and make further service in the neighborhood impossible for years to come.

Listening, her hearers realized that the patient, lowly, superstitious, degraded, was a product of Mother India, but so also was the surgeon, noble in

character, endowed with a fine mind, and equipped to serve her people.

Dr. Gurubai Karmarker

Like Paru, Gurubai was the daughter of an educated and intelligent family. Her father was the native pastor of a church of the London Missionary Society in Western India. Both he and her mother wished to give her the best education possible and after she had finished in the school in her town she was sent to a mission school in Bombay. There she spent much time in the family of an Indian pastor, and fell in love with his oldest son, Sumantrao Karmarker. When she told her parents of her affection for this young man they were disappointed since they had hoped for a more ambitious alliance. Accepting their decision, she returned home, became an obedient member of her family once more, took charge of the Girls' School and engaged in church and Sunday school work. At last, after two years of waiting, she secured her parents' consent to her marriage.

By this time Mr. Karmarker had been licensed as a preacher. Dissatisfied with his own attainments, he planned to study in America and thus better fit himself for his calling. His wife accompanied him to study medicine, so that she might devote her life to the care of Indian women and children. Mr. Karmarker studied at Hartford Seminary and Yale University, Gurubai entered the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. In five years

they returned to India. Connecting themselves with the American Mission they were sent to Bassein near Bombay, Mr. Karmarker as an evangelist and teacher, Gurubai as an evangelist and physician.

At first those whom Gurubai wished to help were very slow to respond. The women came to see her pleasant house and to listen to her playing on her little parlor organ, but suspicion of her foreign ways and fear of her new religion made them decline her services when they were in need. Eventually her geniality and kindness won their hearts, and when the Karmarkers were called to Bombay to a larger task their departure was mourned.

In Bombay, Gurubai became physician for the mission boarding-school and the many Christian residents, with a special care of women and children. She treated all classes, Hindu and Mohammedan women of high caste in their homes, and women of low caste in the dispensary. She rapidly became noted in the city and was called upon to substitute in important hospitals in the absence of their heads. During the fearful famine of 1897 she and her husband were sent to visit the afflicted district. They brought home with them widows and children who were in a most pitiful condition. Gurubai took into her own home twelve children, one of whom was picked up for dead in a gutter. Several of these died, the others the Karmarkers brought up as their own. One of them, having obtained the degree of A.B. in

India, is now a student at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mrs. Karmarker is famous not only as a physician but as an interesting speaker, both in English and in Marathi, the dialect of her district. The Y. W. C. A., and other organizations call upon her frequently and she has journeyed to Paris and to Stockholm as Indian delegate to international conferences.

When still in middle life Mr. Karmarker died. After a few weeks of retirement Gurubai took up her work once more. In addition to her private practise she visits the schools and conducts two dispensaries. Her patients number on an average eight thousand a year, some delicately nurtured ladies, others half clad, disheveled creatures who are afraid to accept her ministrations for themselves, but who bring their children for her advice. A missionary says of her work: "Indian women, gentle, patient and lovable, as a whole, but yet ignorant, full of superstition, and of unclean mind, are indeed sin-sick. A doctor like Gurubai Karmarker, who is a true Christian, is as invaluable to their souls as to their bodies, for she brings them to a Divine Healer and Saviour."

Dr. Grace Kennett

From a far lowlier home than those of Paru and Gurubai sprang Grace Kennett. More than thirty years ago a poor old woman was a frequent visitor at the bungalows of a mission in Madura. She brought with her a tiny curly-headed girl named Grace Kennett, her orphan grandchild.

She was not actually a beggar, though in India it is no disgrace to be a beggar. She belonged to a Christian family, and having no means of support, naturally came to ask help of her friends who had already admitted the older brother and sister of the baby to the boarding-school.

Little Grace, forlorn and ill-nourished, presently fell sick, and was placed in the mission hospital. She was very much better off than at home, but because the staff of nurses was inadequate and she could not be properly cared for one eye became badly infected. Doctor Parker, the American head of the hospital, had grown very fond of her, and offered to adopt her as her own. The grandmother consented, and Miss Parker took the little girl at once to the government specialist at Madras. There it was found necessary to remove the infected eye.

Grace was brought up in some ways as an American child, but she was not encouraged to give up her Indian customs; she continued to sleep on the floor, to eat Indian food, wear Indian clothes and mingle with Indian children. Having finished primary school, she entered Capron Hall, where she continued to be quiet, studious and unassuming.

Longing to be a physician, she braved the new experiences of the Government Medical College at Madras, where most of the students are men. She was not more than eighteen years old but she had a dignity of manner which saved her from much that was unpleasant. Returning to Madura she became

DR. MA SAW SA, F. R. C. S.

medical assistant in the Woman's Hospital. Her service has been chiefly in the maternity ward, where she has had in twelve years a wider experience than many specialists.

In addition to her work in the hospital she keeps the accounts of the Birds' Nest, a home for little children, and is the medical officer of Capron Hall, where she gives physical examinations to seven hundred pupils. She answers calls to cases not only in the city but many miles away. Her friends say that she must frequently have been exposed to rudeness and insult, but that she has kept herself pure as a lily. There have been difficulties and quarrels in the hospital but she has no part in them. With a smile and a laugh like music she goes about her work, never thinking of saving herself.

Dr. Eva de Prayer

As in the case of Indian Bible-women and teachers, so there are noble Indian physicians to whom only a brief space can be given. An Eurasian like Phoebe Rowe the Bible-woman and evangelist, Dr. Eva de Prayer was of mixed Portugese and Indian ancestry. Distinguished in her profession and an ardent Christian, she gave largely of her means to support missionary work among the Telugus, living meanwhile with the strictest personal economy. It was estimated by the missionaries that the total amount of her benefactions was 75,000 Rs. She established a loan fund to help poor students, she was active in work for young

women, and when she gave up her medical practice she took charge of a Children's Home. She made two visits to Europe and Canada and there spoke with so much eloquence upon the subject of missions that Acadia University conferred upon her the degree of LL.D. She died in 1928 at the age of sixty-two, a noble representative of a mixed race from which it is sometimes supposed little good can come.

Dr. Ma Saw Sa

Ma Saw Sa, whose interesting name signifies that she is the seventh daughter of a man named Saw, was born in Prome, Burma. Her mother and her mother's mother were Christians. Her mother became a teacher in the Baptist mission school and having married a Buddhist, soon persuaded him to embrace Christianity.

The children were brought up with all the advantages of an enlightened Christian home and Ma Saw Sa was encouraged to gratify her ambition for higher education. Eventually she entered and was graduated from Judson College. One day as she passed along the street, she found a woman desperately ill, with no place of refuge but the rubbish pile upon which she was lying. Profoundly moved by the condition of this poor creature, she determined to study medicine in order to help the women of her own country and entering the University of Calcutta, she graduated after five years of study.

So fine was her record that the Burmese government awarded her a scholarship in Great Britain and

she became a student at the University of Dublin. This famous institution bestowed upon her its highest honor, Fellowship in the Royal College of Surgery. She returned to Burma as the first Burmese woman physician and surgeon, her post that of Superintendent of Dufferin Maternity Hospital at Rangoon.

After seven years of unresting labor, she accepted the invitation of the Woman's American Baptist Foreign Missionary Society to take part in its Jubilee services in America. At the meeting of the International Conference at Lake Mohonk she represented Burma, India and Ceylon, the first accredited woman delegate from Asiatic countries.

Having attended the summer session of Johns Hopkins University for observation and research, she spent the remainder of her vacation in Cleveland making a similar study of the Cleveland hospitals. She returned to Burma unwillingly, because she felt that she might still learn many things which she could put into practise for the good of her countrywomen. She opened her own clinic, both surgical and pathological, in Rangoon, modeling it after the best equipped of American clinics.

Of her the Woman Citizen said: "The difference between Doctor Ma Saw Sa and any other leaders among women is only a matter of externals; for consider what familiar things she wants: public playgrounds for the children, better sanitary measures for the public health, a good public library, a tuberculosis camp or hospital, arts and crafts for student

training." Still in the early thirties, attractive and vital, Dr. Ma Saw Sa is certain to accomplish much for the welfare of her people.

Dr. Mary Kalopothakis

It is regrettable that we have no photograph of efficient, useful Dr. Mary Kalopothakis, the daughter of the founder and first pastor of the Greek Evangelical Church in Athens. He was originally a physician, but giving up that profession came to America and was graduated from Union Seminary. For many years he was the only Evangelical pastor or missionary in Greece, and he suffered many persecutions from his neighbors of the Greek Catholic Church. His family was ostracized, the church services were interrupted by mobs, the church property was injured, and he was at one time put into prison.

Since the family dwelling was under the same roof as the church, little Mary had many opportunities to cultivate the virtue of courage. She was educated in the schools of her native country and then entered the medical department of Athens University, the pioneer and for a long time the only woman graduate. She continued the study of medicine in Europe and America, and worked in several European hospitals.

The desire of conservative women for a woman rather than a man doctor made it easy for her to establish a practise. Her fame grew until eventually she became physician to the family of the Crown Prince. The fees which she received were large, her

wants were few and her tastes simple, and she used all she could spare to help her father's struggling churches. She was deeply interested in the healing of broken bodies but more interested in the uplifting of those sick in soul.

During the war she donated her services to the Greek Red Cross and when refugees from Asia Minor poured into Greece in great numbers, she devoted all her time and skill to their service.

Somewhat late in life she married a young priest whom she won to the Evangelical faith. Her home continues to be a modest establishment in a poor part of Athens and there she conducts her practice which is almost entirely a free work among the poor. In church she has served as organist, Sunday school teacher and leader of young people. She has translated hymns for the Greek hymn-book and has contributed original hymns. In the *Star of the East*, the only Evangelical Weekly, she publishes regular articles on hygiene and other educational subjects.

In Japan not all philanthropic work depends upon Christian missions. There are seven hundred licensed women physicians and many women are preparing not only for private practice but to aid in creating better hygienic conditions throughout the nation.

In the training of many physicians, however, Christian missions have had an important part. Among their most famous products are Dr. Tomo Inouye, and Nurse Araki.

Dr. Tomo Inouye

Dr. Inouye was probably the first Japanese woman to have medical training. Her interest was roused by the example of a Presbyterian missionary and she first decided to become a nurse. Unfortunately, or fortunately, she had to give up this plan because she was under the required height, and she determined instead to become a doctor. With borrowed money she journeyed to Cleveland, Ohio, where she studied in the Homeopathic Medical College. When her money gave out, she first clerked in a Japanese store, then solicited orders for tea from door to door, then with the aid of pastors gave Japanese entertainments. Having graduated, she spent a year in a dispensary and then took an alopathic course.

She is now the physician of two private hospitals and has a large practice. In addition, she attends to the medical examinations in five large schools. To each of the five or six thousand girls whom she examines each year she gives a word of Christian counsel. She is interested in the improvement of hygienic conditions, the use of proper food and the admission of fresh air to houses and sleeping quarters. She has been especially interested also in the improvement of the physique, emphasizing the wearing of proper shoes.

All that can be said of the physician as an agent for spreading the Gospel applies equally to the trained nurse. Without her to carry out directions, accurately and faithfully, the patient whose operation has

been successful may still succumb. She is constantly by the bed of the sick, her tenderness is an hourly exemplification of the precepts of the Master. Upon the altar of her devotion she lays daily offerings of self-sacrifice, of endurance under weariness, of willing performance of menial tasks. All that can be said in honor of the Indian or Chinese or Japanese physician, may be said with equal truth about the Indian or Chinese or Japanese nurse, of whom hundreds are being trained in mission hospitals.

Nurse Iyo Araki

Iyo Araki is a Japanese, a graduate of St. Margaret's School in Tokyo. From her girlhood she wished to become a nurse, but when she applied for admission to the Red Cross Hospital, she, like Dr. Inouye, was rejected because she was under the required height. She was admitted, however, to a private school and after graduating, nursed privately. An American patient, a missionary, was obliged to return home and required her services. She had become acquainted with Dr. Rudolf Teusler, the head of St. Luke's hospital in Tokyo, who suggested that she remain in America, there take a post-graduate course, and then return to work with him. This plan was carried out; she studied in the Old Dominion Hospital in Richmond, in Johns Hopkins, and in the children's sanitarium at Mt. Wilson, near Baltimore.

Returning to Japan in 1902, she found that Dr. Teusler had opened his hospital with two Japanese

doctors, a druggist, a nurse, and one patient. Presently he added a training-school for nurses and she served as its head, besides being superintendent of the hospital. Eventually the work was divided.

Miss Araki has had two experiences with disasters. In 1918 she with others answered the call of the Red Cross for volunteers for relief work in Vladivostock. On September 1, 1923, came the Tokyo earthquake and fire. The hospital and school buildings were utterly destroyed, the nurses escaped from the dormitory with their lives only. Some of the patients had been sent home, but others remained, and these the nurses carried either in chairs or on their backs toward the new hospital, then under construction. The foundations were filled with pools of water in which those fortunate enough to reach them crouched down to be out of the heat. Other nurses, Miss Araki among them, were far away; securing a pail of water and poplar branches they beat out the sparks which fell about their helpless charges.

The fire at last flickered out, leaving all who had been exposed to its heat almost blinded. In the morning the nurses carried their patients to the Palace Grounds where there was an open space. Between smouldering buildings, they made their way, stepping over wires and picking a safe course.

The hospital at no time ceased to operate; whether crouched in the water, or beating off the wind-swept sparks, or lying exhausted beside their patients on the burned grass, the nurses continued their devoted

Courtesy of Missionary Herald.

DR. GRACE KENNETT, MADURA

attention. The next day they established themselves in a public school building. For a year tents were the shelter of the hospital, then barracks.

During the twenty-five years of her service, Iyo Araki has proved the worth of missions by her devotion to duty.

Dr. Hu King Eng

Hu King Eng belonged to a Chinese Christian family, her father having been a clergyman, her grandfather one of the first Foochow Christians. Her father expected his five children to preach the gospel in their lives just as faithfully as he preached it from the pulpit.

King Eng was sent first to the Foochow boarding-school and from there to assist in medical work in the Woman's Hospital. In her the physician in charge discerned sympathy toward the afflicted and decided medical ability. Through the Woman's Missionary Society she was sent to Ohio Wesleyan University, then to Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia. In the midst of her medical course she was taken ill and upon her recovery after many weeks, she returned to China to pay a visit to her father's house. This visit not only gave her renewed courage but was beneficial in acquainting her with what she needed most for her work among her own people. While at home she interpreted for the missionary doctors and observed the most prevalent diseases. She also instructed a class of young women medical students. Back in Philadelphia she completed her course and

having graduated with honor, took special work before returning home as a full-fledged medical missionary.

She became head of the Woolston Memorial Hospital where she has been for many years. In 1909 she prescribed for more than twenty-six thousand patients. When the first student nurse graduated from the hospital there was a celebration to which the Chinese flocked in large numbers. The first graduate was Dr. Hu's own sister, and after she had passed her her diploma, Dr. Hu made a remark which had in it both sorrow and humor. Said she: "Seeing a Chinese young woman receive her diploma made many parents regret that their daughters were engaged, or married, or drowned." Said others: "Alas, who knew girls could do so much good to the world, more than our boys!"

Dr. Hu King Eng is in the words of the missionaries, "an honor to her race and a joy to the Society under whose auspices she works."

Dr. Li Bi Cu

By a shocking method the mother of Dr. Li Bi Cu of China was abandoned. She was a girl, the third in the family, unwanted and unwelcome, and she was thrown into the street. There, wrapped in rags, she was found by a missionary who placed her first in the mission orphanage and then in the mission school to be trained as a Bible-woman. When she grew up she was married to a Methodist minister and with him lived and worked in a lonely mountain village.

When Li Bi Cu was born she was welcomed as though she were a boy, and carefully trained by her parents until she was old enough to attend a mission school. There her teachers, discovering her ability and her promise of usefulness to her people, arranged for her to go to America. She began the study of English with primary-school pupils in Herkimer, New York, and continued at the Foltz Mission Institute, in preparation for a course in the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia.

Though she was a foreigner, she did all the prescribed work, not hesitating to go into the most crowded sections of the city. Her chief peril came not from association with the poor and miserable but from a few fellow students who tried to persuade her that the Christian religion was obsolete. When a student secretary of the Y. W. C. A. visited the college, Li Bi Cu repeated their assertions.

"I did not believe them," said she. "I thought I would watch them and see what they had to give me that my missionaries had not given me. I find they have nothing to give."

After studying in America for eight years and graduating with high honor, Dr. Li was assigned to a small hospital in Ngusheng in the Fukien province. In the beginning of her practice she had only cases so desperate that a miracle seemed necessary. Often, to her own surprise, she was able to work a cure even though many of the ailments were entirely new to her. She was appalled by the poverty and wretched-

ness in the cities. "The streets seemed narrower than when I left home, but I suppose it is because I have seen wider ones and cleaner ones since. I never saw so many people on the streets as I saw in Foochow. That day I saw a blind woman and a child who were leading each other. They were begging at every store, and being knocked about by the crowd."

She rapidly gained the confidence of the people so that in the first year she treated more than three thousand cases in the dispensary and in homes. Within a few years a new hospital was built and patients crowded to enter.

"It was astonishing to see how quickly the news spread," Dr. Li reported. "The first few days there were over thirty cases daily, and since then hardly ever less than twenty. I wish you could see the surprised look of the many people who pass in and out each day. They say 'This is heaven!' Poor people! It must be a heaven in contrast with their own surroundings. Many have said, 'Just to live in these rooms is enough to make one well, without any medicine.'

"We had a hard time to keep the crowd out until we were ready to show them the house. They said the foreigners must be very rich to build such a house for the sick. They had never seen so many pretty things before, and most of them have only one set of new bedding all their lives, and that is when they are married. One of our rules is that one must take a bath before getting into bed. I thought every one

would object to such procedure but very few objected. Before they came they were afraid of getting lonely, but most of them hated to leave us."

Dr. Li has been very successful in the curing of the opium habit. Each patient sent back to her home in her right mind and with the love of God in her heart is a new missionary. The difficulty is not to find patients to enter her hospital but to find room for those who come, and to persuade those who are cured to leave.

Dr. Ida Kahn

To have been in danger of being given away, or in worse danger of being like Li Bi Cu's mother thrown away; to have been almost disposed of according to the prescription of a fortune-teller; to have studied in America; to have been offered a position of honor by the Chinese government; to remain in her hospital in a time of revolution and peril—these are some of the incidents in the life of Dr. Ida Kahn.

When Mrs. Kahn was told that her new baby was not the boy for whom she hoped but a wretched girl, she and her family summoned a fortune-teller to advise them. The fortune-teller who was blind arrived leaning upon a small boy. Turning his face toward the baby as though he could see, he declared that she should either be killed or sent away to another family.

"If she's allowed to live in this house," he declared, "you'll have no son, and who then will be your heir when you die?"

It was decided to give the little girl, according to custom, to another family and the mother selected one somewhat above their own in importance. Into this family the little girl would marry, and meanwhile she would be brought up according to their ways. Another fortune-teller was consulted and he said that the proposed arrangement would never do because Ida was born under the dog star and the boy with whom she would mate was born under the cat star.

Again the future of the baby hung in the balance. A neighbor who knew her difficult and dangerous situation carried the story to nearby missionaries and at once these ladies went to seek the little child and secure her for their own.

She proved to be very bright. When she was twelve years old she was baptized, and at thirteen she was received into the church. Perhaps her early experiences left their impress upon her; perhaps her observation as she grew older softened and quickened her heart; at any rate as she observed the indescribable sufferings of the women and children of her country she determined to become a physician. Her missionary friends brought her to America and at the age of eighteen she passed the entrance examination to the medical department of Michigan University. Completing her work she returned to China, not only to heal the bodies of her fellow-countrymen but to point them to the great Physician. A lawyer said to her, "I'm glad you're going back as a doctor. Doc-

tors are needed more than missionaries." "I do not think so," answered Dr. Kahn. "Eternity is longer than time."

Her ability speedily became known among medical authorities in China, and the government offered her a position in the University of Shanghai. This she declined, preferring to remain in the service of the Methodist Church since there she was free to do Christian work.

During the political upheaval of 1928, which was so serious in its effect upon missions, she remained at her post. Better than any biographer, she tells about her work, and incidentally reveals her own beautiful character.

"Nearly five months have passed since the missionaries were ordered out of Nanchang, and still the prospects are dark. We have seen a few of our Christians desert us, but the majority have remained loyal. It has been mostly the men who have left; the women are more staunch than ever. In season and out of season we have tried to instill into them the thought that this is the time of testing and unless we stand firm the church can not become indigenous, for there will be no Christians left.

"We have been praying for courage and endurance. One day some Nationalist officers appeared and demanded a chance to address our student nurses. I had them gathered immediately and soon one of the officers was attacking us, calling us the 'running-dogs of the foreigners,' and saying that 'Christianity

is the running-dog of imperialism.' I tried to refute some of his argument. I said that Christ was opposed to imperialism. I said He was born of poor parents, He lived among the poor, He worked for the poor, and finally He died for the poor as well as for the rich.

"God has taken care of us in a wonderful manner, and He has answered our prayers so often that I am sure if we had faith enough he would grant us everything that we need, even to the extent of having the repairs made in the hospital; for these hundreds of refugees have worn off all our paint and with the war on we have decreased receipts. When this last outbreak came, we paid $32 for a case of kerosene in the morning, and in the afternoon when we sent for another case the price had gone up to $48. Just think of paying $48 for eight gallons of kerosene! Do you wonder that we cannot spend any money in painting our floors or tiling our roofs?

"The special instance of answer to prayer which I wish to relate was so remarkable that we have not yet ceased to talk about it. After the war there were left thousands of soldiers who had been wounded. They had recovered but had not yet joined their regiments, and they were the curse of the city. They went everywhere and were arrogant in the extreme. Nearly all carried iron sticks so that they could intimidate even the police. In fact, they had running fights with the police and shot a lot of them on the streets.

"We are said to have the best yard in the city and

these wounded ex-soldiers treated it like a public park. They came in at all hours, even before we were up; they streamed over the hospital and compound; they picked the flowers and fruit and broke trees. They were noisy and sang at the top of their voices. They also fired guns whenever it took their fancy to do so. Then the regular army took to coming in here to drill and sometimes we had over five hundred a day.

"The patients began to go home and we made up our minds that we had not prayed enough, for surely our Father would succor us in our need. So we started to pray and we got everybody to pray with us. We prayed in public as well as in private, and we knew that down in Shanghai our sainted bishop and our devoted missionaries were praying for us, too. Instantly our prayers were answered in a very simple manner.

"One day a General Yang sent word to us that he wanted to come and stay in our house for a few days' rest. We did not like the idea of having a man in the house, so we told him that we had a day-school which we could let him have. No, he wanted to come here. As he had once helped the hospital, we finally yielded. He came and brought another officer. At one time we had three generals and a staff officer staying here.

"I had to give them a dinner and General Yang said that he would bring guests. The military governor was invited and when he came into our beautiful compound in the evening and heard the lusty songs of his soldiers he had quite a shock, and said so.

"The generals all put in a word for us. They told how the soldiers came here to drill; how they sat on the beds of the patients; how they tried to get into the operating-room when we were doing an abdominal section. The governor was indignant beyond expression. We told him that we had written to him, for we knew him because we had treated his family. He said that he had never received the letter but he would put a stop to this right away. They stopped coming at once and have not bothered us since."

Nurse Mary Eo-iang

Nurse Mary T. H. Eo-iang has had no American experience like Nurse Iraki; she was trained entirely in her own country. Born of Christian parents, her father and mother having been evangelists for the China Inland Mission, she determined to be a nurse at a time when in the opinion of her friends and neighbors a nurse's services were those of a coolie, and not always respectable.

A quaintly expressed letter gives a glimpse of her life.

"When I was very young, I was fond of talking with my parents about things in the West, especially western lady-nurses. These nurses that I heard of were both kind and virtuous, diligently applying themselves for the welfare of society; and they rightfully commanded the respect and admiration of the world.

"Although I was a small girl, I was led to learn by the patient instructions of my parents. After I got

through my primary school course and grammar school course I was able to read newspaper. In the newspaper I read many noble deeds of western nurses which completely won me over with profound admiration. Then I consulted with my parents for the realization of my ambition of becoming a lady-nurse. This, my parents promptly consented to with applause. They sent me to Kiukiang where I studied nursing in Danforth Hospital. When I was practising in the hospital I did the work with great diligence. To be sure, it was hard; but to me it was a pleasure. My five years' work entitled me to graduation.

"After my graduation I joined the staff of the Presbyterian Missionary Hospital at Hengchow, Hunan. Having been only half a year there my marriage brought me to Liling where I lived one year without doing any nursing work. In the middle of my second year in Liling, the unfortunate city was visited by the most terrible devastation of civil war. The whole city was reduced almost to ashes, and thousands were miserably left in a state of complete destitution. This deplorable scene awakened in me the emotion of compassion, which led me to engage my service in the Liling Missionary Hospital with the hope that I may contribute my part in the relief work of Liling, where sickness was threatening to be a second calamity.

"Liling is a secluded city in the province of Hunan. Naturally superstition holds full sway and this accounts for the scarcity of female patients coming to

our hospital. So my work was considerably easy the first year. But thank God! through the skill of the foreign doctor, we were able to cure a woman afflicted with a curious disease. The healing bid fair to enlighten the people to western medicine. The woman we cured was anti-Christian and had no faith in western medicine. She got a tumor in her stomach; at the beginning she did not feel any pain; but the tumor grew large and she found great difficulty in taking food. In vain she lavished a large sum of money in seeking cure from magicians and native physicians. At last, fear of death drove her to our hospital. The foreign doctor told her she needed an operation; the magicians had told her there was only an inflammation of her entrails, so she turned a deaf ear to the doctor's diagnosis and went home without a cure.

"Three months later the tumor became so large that she could not eat at all; she came back to us, and with the promise that an operation would spare her life she finally consented, thinking she was going to die sooner or later anyway. On the day of the operation all her relatives came around weeping with everything ready for death. But who knew that the power of God was to be made manifest throught the wonderful hand of the foreign doctor? The tumor taken out weighed thirty pounds. A week after the operation she was able to get up on her bed, and scarcely ten days elapsed when she left recovered. The name of our hospital spread throughout Liling. People of curious diseases are swarming to us for healing.

Henceforth our hospital is no longer a place as lonesome as before. We have more female patients; and I find myself in a great bustle day and night."

Dr. Esther Kim Pak

With the account of Dr. Esther Kim Pak of Korea our roster of physicians and nurses must close. When she was born her parents named her Chyom Tong (pronounced Chum Dong) and took good care of her. Presently American missionaries began to work near by and with them Mr. Kim found employment. The missionaries suggested that one of his daughters come into the school and he was willing that Chyom Tong should go. He said that perhaps the new doctrine would not harm her much and that she would have rice and clothes. Being very bright she learned to read the Bible and catechism in Korean and studied English and Chinese. Better still, she began to understand Christian precepts, and to hate lying and stealing, two common sins among those about her.

Presently she felt that she was very sinful and she began to pray for a clean heart. During the wet season the rain seemed to fall more heavily than ever before and one night she and her room-mate decided that God meant to punish the world as in the days of Noah. Terrified, they knelt upon the floor asking that He forgive them so that they would not be afraid to die. Peacefully they fell asleep, their anxiety vanished. The next day the two invited fellow-

pupils to their room and there they held the first woman's prayer-meeting in Korea.

Presently an American doctor arrived in the Woman's Hospital which had been without a doctor for some time. Patients crowded in, and fourteen-year-old Chyom Tong, who had outstripped her companions in the study of English, was sent to interpret. She found the interpreting easy but when she was called upon to assist in operating she was frightened. One day, however, she found herself happy in having helped to cure a harelip and she announced that she herself would study medicine if possible.

She was baptized at the age of fifteen and the name Esther was chosen for her. In Korea a woman loses her given name when she is married and it is common for Christians to choose Bible names. She was not a saint but a girl like other girls. She once wrote in a letter to a missionary; "You are more wise than me. I am unwise; please think I am unwise, and forgive me 490 times, my dear doctor. I am Korean girl, you are American lady. I know your heart a little, you know my heart very well, my heart is narrow, narrow. I cannot tell how much my heart is narrow. I get angry quick; my heart is just like your stove that gets redhot so quickly. I hope my heart will become clear just like glass, and wide just like the world. God is our Father; he helps you and me all the time, and sees your heart and my heart also. God sent you out to Korea, and sent me to this

house and I think God wants me to help you many years. Please do not forget me if you will be one hundred years old, or if you go to America."

Presently there loomed before Esther the necessity for marriage. Until a girl is married she must wear her hair in a long braid down her back and only dancing girls and diseased or deformed women remain unmarried and are thus distinguished after youth has passed. People began to ask why Esther could not find a husband. Eventually the missionaries realized that it was necessary either to find a husband for her or to let her accept the non-Christian selected by her family. They chose a Mr. Pak who was a Christian and the two were married by the Christian ceremony, although Esther did not see her husband until the day of her marriage.

The couple accompanied missionaries to Pyeng Yang, though Koreans are adverse to leaving the locality in which their family has lived. There they assisted in founding the first Christian work for women and children in a city which was called the Sodom of Korea.

Eventually Esther was able to carry out her plan to become a physician. She and her husband came to America where she entered the Woman's Medical College at Baltimore, the first Korean woman to take a medical degree. Her husband studied English and at the same time earned enough to support himself and to assist his wife. During her last college year he died of tuberculosis.

Dr. Pak worked for ten years among her people, in dispensary, hospital-ward or in their homes. She was honored by being invited to the Capitol and there received a gold medal. Alas, the same disease of which her husband had died had also taken lodgment in her, and after several years of brave struggle against tuberculosis she died in 1910.

It is regrettable that the chapter must close upon a note of sadness, but there is far more of happiness than of sorrow. Each brave life is valuable in itself, and among those whom Dr. Pak healed are young girls who have imbibed her faith and courage and who will follow her example. All that they need is a continuation of the help which came to her from the missionaries of a great nation, endowed and entrusted with so much which their nation does not have.

DR. PARU, GUNTUR, INDIA

CHAPTER IV

Women in Social and Welfare Work

THE women who have participated in national movements in non-Christian countries are fewer in number than those who have become teachers, Bible-women and evangelists. It was difficult enough for converts to be pioneers in their own localities and under the protection of missionaries; to go about into distant parts of their country would have been impossible. One Japanese Christian woman, however, had long ago the necessary courage to extend her work beyond her own community; now there is an increasing number of women who are preaching temperance and purity of life, who are advocating the cause of the Young Women's Christian Association, who are striving to raise the standards of living and to promote the welfare of children. There is hardly one of these who does not have a connection with Christian missions; either she is the child of a Christian family, she is the product of a mission school, or she is the graduate of a college established under Christian auspices.

Kaji Yajima

Kaji Yajima, pioneer in social service and famous throughout her country and throughout the Christian world, was born in 1834 in Kumamoto, Japan. Her father was the town supervisor and a man of intelligence and character.

The children, of whom Kaji was the seventh, were carefully instructed, even though only one was a boy. Their mother taught them to read and write the difficult Japanese characters and their father instructed them in the Confucian classics and the ancient national literature. In addition, the little girls learned to take care of the silk worms and actually to make silk and fashion it into kimonos. This instruction was given them, not so much that they might be self-supporting, as that they might be an example of industry to the poor about them.

Kaji's first act of independence was to change her name. She was originally called Katsu, which is a boy's name as well as a girl's, and each time she heard it she was reminded of the fact that she should have been a boy. When she was seventeen, she watched the rudder of a boat as she crossed a river, and selected the name Kaji, meaning rudder.

When her father died her brother became head of the family. He had in all seven sisters for whom he must find husbands, and at the late age of twenty-two Kaji was married to a widower with four children. There was no compulsion about the marriage; she had a voice in the matter and believed that she was making a good selection. Alas! she was mistaken, and for almost twenty years she was tied to a man who had the two faults which so often accompany one another—he was a drunkard and unfaithful. Besides his four children to whom she was a devoted mother, she had four of her own. When at last he

died, her health was broken and the property wasted. She looked forward to spending the remainder of her days in quiet and retirement and in the care of her children as long as they should need her.

A quiet life was not, however, to be her portion. During the years which she had spent in wretchedness a stupendous change had come about in her country, a change which was to mould her own life in strange ways. To understand fully all that she dared and accomplished we should recall the conditions under which she spent her childhood and youth, and those to which she had to adjust her later life.

When she was born, Japan had been for centuries a walled country to which no outsider could gain entrance. Two centuries earlier there had been trade with Europe and Roman Catholic missionaries had made many converts. The Emperor had long been a figure-head; the country being ruled by the hereditary commander-in-chief of the army who was called a Shogun. The Shogun became convinced that all missionaries were in league to overthrow him and at once ordered the priests to leave and all Christians to recant. Refusing, they were barbarously tortured and slain. In one great massacre thirty-seven thousand perished. Not only was Christianity stamped out, but all foreigners, with the exception of the Chinese and the Dutch, were expelled. Sea-going ships were destroyed so that no Japanese could depart.

Until the year 1850 Japan remained what the Shogun had determined she should be, a hermit na-

tion; then there appeared in the Gulf of Yeddo Commodore Perry, an Ambassador from the President of the United States, inviting and urging commercial treaties. Slowly the door began to swing open, until, fifteen years later, the Emperor ratified treaties with many nations.

In a few years there occurred an internal change as revolutionary as the admission of foreigners. Just as in 1215 the English barons rose against the king, so now the Japanese daimios or barons rose against the Shogun, and made the young Emperor, hitherto a figure-head, the real ruler of the nation. He saw the backwardness of his country as compared with other nations, and set in motion far-reaching reforms.

Madame Yajima's brother was an employee of the government in Tokyo, and summoned to attend him in an illness, she saw with amazement the new undertakings. Far-seeing statesmen were planning a school system, already little Miss Tsuda and her companions had been sent abroad. Hitherto there had been a few schools for boys, now there were schools for both boys and girls. There were plenty of students but no teachers, and when he needed his sister no longer, Yajima urged her to take the training-course which was prescribed. Nothing was farther from her thoughts, she had little confidence in herself, and she had never dreamed of occupation outside her home. But the spirit of the times, and something more potent within her own spirit inclined her to follow her brother's suggestion and she was a member of the first graduating class.

She was given a position in the primary schools and although her salary was only three dollars a month, she was able to support herself and her children. For four years she continued in government employ and during this time her keen mind, awakening to activity, made various observations. She saw, as she was afterwards to say over and over, that "education without religion is only a partial preparation for life." She saw also, her mind and eyes sharpened by her own sorrowful experience, that the children of alcoholic parents, or of one alcoholic parent, were apt to be dull and far behind their mates in intelligence. Her father and mother had instilled in her fine principles, according to the religion which they professed, but she observed a higher type in the various teachers and others with whom she associated. One young woman went each Sunday to a Christian church and thither Madame Yajima accompanied her, risking, and eventually losing her position by the act.

This disappointment was merely a stepping-stone. The Presbyterian Church was about to open a school for girls and in this, having been baptized at the age of forty-five, she was invited to become a teacher. Eventually she was made principal of Joshi Gakuin, a girls' school of high standing with an average attendance of two hundred. Altogether her connection with the schools of the Presbyterian church extended over a period of thirty-five years.

The undertaking which brought her most fame was not yet begun. In 1886 the Woman's Christian Tem-

perance Union sent an organizer to Japan. Grateful for the opportunity to help in the attack against an evil which had shattered her life, Madame Yajima became her assistant, though she was already fifty-three. The work was extremely difficult. The idea was new, public work for women was new. Madame Yajima collected money, edited the *Woman's Herald*, the journal of the new organization, and paid its deficit from her own limited means. The membership grew, and all the activities of the American Union were introduced and established: Legislation, Flower Mission, Mothers' Meetings, Rescue Work, Work for the Army and Navy, Scientific Temperance, Education, Hygiene, Work in Factories, Evangelistic Work and Anti-Narcotic propaganda.

In almost all of these departments, Madame Yajima labored. She started a rescue home for girls in Tokyo, and secured the passing of laws for the protection of women and children. During the war between Russia and Japan, the government agreed to allow the sending of comfort bags to the troops of the army and navy, provided Madame Yajima would superintend the enterprise. There must be in the first place thirty thousand bags—the authorities could not be troubled with the sending of merely a few; in the second place Madame Yajima must certify that they contained no objectionable article or literature. Thirty thousand bags were sent to the navy, then the army requested a like number and these also were prepared and forwarded. From the Emperor Madame Yajima re-

ceived a set of bowls decorated with the imperial seal, from the soldiers and sailors she received eight thousand grateful letters.

In 1906 she made a long journey, this little woman who had expected to spend her life quietly. The W. C. T. U. held a meeting in Boston and she was invited to be present and represent Japan. At the age of seventy-four she set out, preparing herself on the steamer to recite the twenty-third Psalm in English, her only English. Said she through the interpreter: "Everyone who sees me says I am young. I say there is a reason that I must be young. I was born in the new life of Christianity only twenty-six years ago, so I am only twenty-six years old; and I must work at least thirty or forty years more from to-day." She was received by President Roosevelt at the White House and thanked him for his services as mediator between her country and Russia.

Twice during her life she was the bearer of petitions. The first, carried to the mayor of Tokyo, and signed by ten thousand names, prayed that the section of the city where prostitutes solicited openly, and which had burned down should not be rebuilt. Her life seemed to be in danger, but she went quietly on with her meetings, not hesitating to return home late at night.

The second petition had a still longer journey and a wider appeal. President Harding invited the nations of the world to a conference looking to the limitation of armaments, and Madame Yajima announced her

intention of carrying to this conference the will of the women of Japan. Said she, "I shall tell the President that their desire is really from the heart." She had recently made a journey to London and her friends protested against her starting again—she was too old, she had done enough, she would spend too much of her small property. She promptly answered their objections. "In what better cause could I end my life? I would as happily die in America as in Japan. As to funds, have I not the purse which my loving pupils gave me? With that I have no need to ask assistance."

She made the journey safely, keeping in her own care the petition for the ending of all wars, signed by ten thousand of her country-women. Written on a scroll of rice paper over a hundred yards long, it was heavy for aged hands, but she would let no one take charge of it. She spoke as often as five times a day in Washington and New York.

In 1923, when she was almost ninety, she suffered the most trying adventure of her life. The earthquake destroyed the office of the W. C. T. U. and her own house. Carried to the suburbs in a litter she thanked her bearers, assuring them that it was the finest ride she had ever had.

Her death in 1925 was a matter for cabled reports to American newspapers. She had chosen her name well, she had been indeed a dependable rudder.

Many wise sayings are recorded from her conversation and addresses.

IYO ARAKI, HEAD NURSE, ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, TOKYO,
FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS

"My own people, they shall be the kingdom of Heaven, for truly they are the poor in spirit!"

"Be so busy living that you never have time to take thought of dying, for when you have learned how to live, you need not be bothered with learning how to die."

"There are two rules for a long and happy life. First, abstain from all things harmful; second, be so busy with good and useful work for others that there is no time for thought of self."

Count Okuma, the prime minister, spoke of her as his "nei san" (older sister) because he said they were working together with the same ideals and hopes for their nation.

Utako Hayashi

Second only to Mrs. Yajima in the movement against vice in Japan is Utako Hayashi. As a young woman she taught in the Episcopal Girls' School in Tokyo, and there, hearing a sermon on the brotherhood of mankind, she determined to be a Christian. One Christmas she heard a philanthropist talk about the orphanage which he had founded, and resolved to devote her life to similar self-sacrifice. Upon his death she took charge of the orphanage. On a visit to America she studied charitable institutions and returning to Japan started the Osaka branch of the W. C. T. U. and founded the Osaka W. C. T. U. Woman's Home.

Conflagrations are frequent in Japan, and in Osaka as in Tokyo a group of houses devoted to

prostitution were burned. When the district was about to be rebuilt, the Christian forces were roused against it, and Miss Hayashi headed the woman's campaign. Newspapers, many leading citizens, and all Christians united in petitions, mass-meetings and other efforts to educate public opinion. The campaign was not altogether successful—the quarters were rebuilt, though outside the city instead of inside. The general effect was greater, however, than that indicated by the outcome; attention had been called to this terrible evil and the first step had been taken for its abolishment.

Miss Hayashi has been appointed delegate to various important conventions. In 1920 she was given a government decoration.

Michi Kawai Like Miss Hayashi, Michi Kawai is a prominent figure in her country. When she was about eleven years old, her father ceased to believe in the national Japanese religion and with all his family was baptized into the Christian church. This was a step not lightly undertaken since for forty generations the family had belonged to the Shinto priesthood. Having graduated from the Presbyterian school in Sapporo, Michi won a competitive scholarship at Bryn Mawr. Returning to Japan with her education completed, she became a teacher in Miss Tsuda's English College, and then an official in the Y. W. C. A. She has travelled in its interest throughout Japan, and to Siberia, Europe and America. At

present she is engaged in the study of rural conditions with a view to improving the lot of Japanese women in rural life. She is the leading woman speaker in Japan.

She is also a writer of ability. In an article published in "Japan Speaks for Herself," she pays a tribute to Christian missions, especially as they have contributed to educational and social progress of her nation. She says:

"Both the Roman Catholic and Protestant missionaries founded schools in many places, and with their Christian faith ennobled the characters of their students. They also gave themselves to teaching foreign languages to Japanese youth. Their influence on woman's education is especially noteworthy. Most of the able women of to-day who are engaged in educational or social work are either graduates of mission schools or schools of the West. They have many progressive ideas, and they take a leading part in the development of women's education and social work throughout the country, such as day nurseries, settlement work, the Y. W. C. A. and the W. C. T.U."

It is Miss Kawai's personal and earnest conviction that the chief need of Japan is Christian leadership in all departments of life.

Mrs. Fukunaga

Mrs. Fukunaga, also of Japan, is a speaker at women's clubs and meetings of all sorts, in schools, private houses and churches. Invited by the governor's wife, she has

addressed meetings at his house. No matter what the object of the club, she speaks upon but one subject, the necessity for Christian life as a foundation for all human happiness and effective social service.

She tells of the tragic experiences which made her a Christian:

"When I was married at fifteen years of age to a boy of twenty, I became the slave not merely of my mother-in-law, but of all the family. Soon aware of the existence of another life beside my own, I fled back to my parents. When my little girl was born she was deaf and dumb.

"During the following years I was constantly unhappy; my sorrowful experience had left me with despair above which I felt I could never rise. I determined to die, and in order to end my life fasted thirty-seven days. I then searched for comfort and peace in the teachings of various Buddhist sects. At last I found the Bible, and its teachings fell upon my hungry soul with conviction and power.

"The deficiency of my poor little girl seemed greater than I could bear, but after I became a Christian I heard Christ's voice saying, 'This is not a cross but a beautiful jewel which I have given you. With my help your mother love can overcome all difficulties.' This has proved to be true, I educated my little girl, and finally she was married to a young man, deaf and dumb like herself, a skilled artist, amply able to support his family. I have one grandchild who is not merely normal but unusually bright."

Not distinguished in appearance, possessing no unusual gifts, Mrs. Fukunaga has what is more influential than either, a profound faith which has learned eloquence from its own deep experience. To a woman's meeting held under the auspices of a leading Japanese daily newspaper came a social worker from a rural district. She was a Buddhist and her story was one of failure. She was working with young girls, but she could not touch their hearts. Said she to a missionary, "I must have something which will keep my girls straight and serious in these unstable times." It is this which Mrs. Fukunaga teaches—the religion which is a foundation for faith and practice.

Mrs. Nobu Jo The social service of Mrs. Nobu Jo, a humble Japanese Christian, is unique. Years ago she observed with distress and horror the large and ever increasing number of suicides in a suburb of Kobe. There, where the engines of fast-moving trains rounded a curve of the road, despairing people threw themselves upon the track and were killed. She wrote and posted a notice: "To the would-be suicide, wait a bit; don't do it until you have come and talked it over."

Strangers accepted her invitation and sought her at the address at the bottom of the sign. Others, dragged from impending death, were brought her by the police. The rescued persons proved to be men and women who were out of work or who had quarreled with their families. Frequently they were country

girls who were lost or betrayed. In one year a thousand persons came to her for help. She found employment for them, or kept them until conditions in their homes were improved, or until their own hearts had changed so that they might go out safely into the world.

Upon one occasion she faced an angry man who appeared armed with a knife, to demand back the wife whom she was protecting. Said she, "You may have your wife back again just as soon as you become a decent man and deserve her."

Impressed by the good which she is accomplishing, friends have come to her aid. She now has two buildings, one for home and office, the other for classes in sewing and cooking and for a kindergarten and day-nursery. By the railroad curve is the sign, enlarged, surrounded by electric lights, and still attracting many away from despair and self-destruction.

Tetsuko Komaki The Salvation Army has done much rescue work in Tokyo and other cities. Captain Tetsuko Komaki is in charge of the Home of Hope in Osaka. Abandoned by her husband, she found comfort and hope in Christianity and applied to the Salvation Army for a life appointment for social service.

Ting Shu Ching On the vast gray plain of Shantung in China there are many little gray towns. Their house walls are made of drab-colored

mud, the paper which covers the window openings gives the interior a dim and drab light. Even the lives of the little children are gray and dull unless missionaries come to establish a school. This good fortune happened to the village of Lintsing, and to the school was sent a little girl, Ting Shu Ching, now known far and wide, through her own country and across the seas, as Miss Ting.

She was early seen to be a creature of promise, and having taught her all the learning that the school provided, the missionaries sent her to beautiful Bridgman Academy in Peking. There must have been in her family persons of common sense and some acquaintance with the world outside of China because her feet were never bound, though it is probable that she never saw in her girlhood any woman walk naturally.

In gay Peking there was no dullness, even in color. The roofs are covered with yellow tiles and everywhere are gay banners and placards. From the Bridgman Academy Miss Ting was promoted to Yenching College, then a small institution with poor equipment but great in hope. Having graduated she became a teacher, then a Y. W. C. A. worker. As she grew in stature and charm, so also she grew in tact and in power to lead. She was called to be the first secretary of the Y. W. C. A. in Peking, with both foreign and Chinese secretaries working under her direction. In the formation of committees for important work she began to be selected. When the

World Student Conference brought to China Christian delegates from thirty-three nations she was one of those who made the arrangements for entertainment and one of the few Chinese who had a part in the programme.

Meanwhile the American general secretary died and a Chinese was looked for to take her place. Miss Ting was selected. Her friends say of her that she is earnest and humble, beautiful in face and gracious in presence. She has come to America for the Association, and while she is willing to speak in English she prefers her native Chinese with a friend to interpret for her. It is said that no Christian woman is rendering greater service to China. She has added to a thorough acquaintance with national ways and thoughts a wide international outlook. Observers have said that, "Nothing less than her indomitable courage and statesmanlike conception of the contribution the Association must make to the new China would have brought the organization through the severe tests of the past few years when the country has been in revolution."

Miss Ting is not only the General Secretary of the Chinese Y. W. C. A., but she represents the Association on the National Christian Council of China. In a personal, rather than an official capacity, she is a member of the Executive Committees of the China Home Missionary Association, the Anti-Opium Association, the Student Volunteer movement, and other Christian and educational organizations, including

DR. HU KING ENG, SEATED AT RIGHT, DR. LI BI CU, STANDING AT RIGHT

her own alma mater, now Yenching University. Christian missions have made no larger contribution to the uplifting of Chinese womanhood than the training of this noble woman.

Intelligent, thoroughly educated, with both national and international experience, other Chinese Christian women are becoming increasingly prominent in service for their country. Among them are Mrs. H. C. Mei and Mrs. C. C. Chen, both second generation Christians.

Mrs. Mei

Mrs. Mei is Chairman of the National Committee of the Chinese Y. W. C. A. A member of a Cantonese Christian family, she grew up in Honolulu, graduated from Teachers' College in New York, and is now the wife of a lawyer in Shanghai. Her international experience, her social gifts, her fine education, her devotion to Christian ideals, all fit her to represent her country in international matters. She is bringing up a family of little children and conducting her own household, separate from that of the ancestral home, a new experiment in China; nevertheless she gives generously of her time to the work of the Association.

To a gathering of Western women she made this plea: "Wonderful opportunities lie before the women of China. They look to you to share with them in one of the world's greatest enterprises; that of leading women capable of great power and influence into the highest development God means them to have."

Mrs. C. C. Chen Mrs. Chen is a graduate of Mt. Holyoke, and is the wife of the Dean of Shanghai Baptist College. While her husband studied abroad, in 1927, she served as Principal of the Bridgman Girls' School in Shanghai, taking her small children into the school with her. When the year before, she went to Europe for the Y. W. C. A., her husband looked after the family. Selected by the Chinese Christian Council as a delegate to the Jerusalem International Conference, she is one of the conspicuous women of her race. She is a true Christian and a true Chinese. She said in an address to the National Christian Council of China:

"I have a dream for my country, that is like the love of a Chinese woman for her children. When I was in the West I was often told that Christian leaders should have nothing to do with politics. My dream for China is that Christian leaders should have everything to do with politics. I long to have my country as great as any other country; and the only way I can see to bring this about, in the sense in which we here mean 'great,' is to have our country and all its leaders be real Christians. I long for this for our national leaders just as I long for it for my children. Of course we cannot force this to come to pass, but it is my great dream."

Miss Li (Mrs. Feng) From pastor's assistant to general's wife—few Christian converts in foreign lands have had a more interesting history than

Miss Li. After her graduation from college she became assistant to the pastor of the Teng Shih K'ou Congregational church of Peking. Up to this time pastor's assistants were unknown, none of the few college women thought of applying herself to this kind of work which was done, if done at all, by untrained and inefficient hands.

Miss Li put all the efforts of a good mind into her task and made it successful. She then worked for a while with the Y. W. C. A., until her hand was sought by the Christian general Feng Yu Hsiang, a widower with several sons. It is certain that she has influenced her husband for good in many ways, and also that her ideals have remained unchanged and her earnestness unabated.

Deaconess I. L. Lieo

Rarely have women on the foreign field been consecrated as Deaconnesses. The Chinese Episcopal church had among its converts one woman who was both desirous of and worthy of this distinction. This was Miss I. L. Lieo, who died in 1927, at the age of forty-eight. Of her it was said: "Few women in the Chinese Church have done as much, and probably none have done more, toward the building up of the Kingdom of God in China."

She was the child of a teacher, but she was not taught to read or write because it was not customary. She lived quietly at home, taking part in the care of her younger brothers and sisters, and doing the

family sewing. When she was twenty-six, a foreign missionary called upon the family and left a little book. Moved by his words, she determined to learn to read and persuaded her younger brothers to teach her. This, she discovered, was a slow process; she determined that she would go to school. She entered St. Hilda's school in Wuchang, and though the oldest pupil, took her place in one of the lowest classes.

One day, together with her companions, she attended the impressive consecration service for an American Deaconess. Her heart was filled with longing—oh, that she might be thus set apart! Alas, there was no school for Deaconesses in China; but living in hope, she continued as a Bible-woman. Eventually a training-school was established, and she was graduated in the first class. Her dignity and intelligence were such that she commanded the respect and attention of men as well as women, the educated as well as the uneducated. She was consecrated as a Deaconess in 1921.

She served for four years in her own neighborhood at Changsha, but she longed to go to a more distant and difficult place and she was accordingly assigned a mission in Shensi which was supported entirely by Chinese offerings. When she was introduced to the governor of the province she bravely called his attention to four evils which should be done away with—concubinage, the use of opium, foot-binding, and illiteracy.

For two years she continued to teach and preach. She visited the women in prisons and taught them to read. Her fellow-workers said of her: "When our hands were feeble, she strengthened them, when our lights were going out, she fanned them into flame."

Her service was soon ended. The city of Sian-Fu where she was stationed was besieged for seven months. Within the walls were famine and pestilence, cruel suffering and final death which came as mercy to the starving. Through all this time she was untiring; she found food in some magic fashion, she waited upon the sick and dying, and as she went told of the love of God. She was able to continue until the siege was lifted and communication was established with the outer world; then she succumbed to a malady brought on by privation and overwork.

The missionary and Social Service staff is not limited to teachers and preachers and evangelists, physicians, nurses, and those in official positions. The Christian gatekeeper invites a lingering and hesitant inquirer to come in, the Christian servant advises her sick mistress to send for the missionary doctor, the merchant inserts into the parcel of his customer a tract pointing out the Way of Life. A mission endeavors to have all its employees Christians, especially those who come into contact with children and young people. There are converts who long to be employed, who, having no ability to teach or preach, can still give service of a high order. In this class be-

long the house-mothers and matrons of boarding-schools.

Tang Ping-yi

Miss Tang Ping-yi is still young, having been born in 1902. Her father was an official in Anking, but when she was a little girl she was taken to her ancestral home in Hunan, and there attended the school of the Norwegian mission where she became a Christian. Her warm heart was deeply moved by the miseries of the poor women of the country, and she devoted a part of her ancestral property to an industrial enterprise to give employment to the women of the surrounding villages. She wields a far-reaching influence, and one of the greatest promise for her country. A reprobate official, a friend of her father's came to visit her, inspired wholly by curiosity about her work. After he had spent a half hour observing what she had done he said, "My life has been wasted, what you are doing here is the only thing worth while."

Through China, as in other countries, missionaries constantly promote enterprises for social betterment. In Changchow there is a club called the Women's Mutual Benefit Club in which Christian women work together with non-Christians. There has recently been a Better Baby Campaign running through the year. In Wusih there are tremendous silk factories; one of which is owned and managed by a wealthy man who several years ago came into contact with

missionaries. He agreed to give two rows of tenement houses for a settlement and himself contribute five hundred dollars a year if a missionary would begin the work for the social betterment of his employees. Many of them are children, some of the young girls are the mothers of children. Their hours are from four-thirty in the morning to six-thirty in the evening, with allowance of only thirty minutes each for meals, and they work every day in the week except for two holidays, the first and fifteenth of the month. The missionaries have provided a day-nursery for the babies and a night-school for girls. A Bible-woman moves about speaking to the poor women. The proprietor does not yet feel that the hours are too long, but he has been roused to a feeling of responsibility which is new.

Helen Kiduk Kim

Like Pilley Kim Choi in her ability and devotion, and like her a Korean, is Helen Kiduk Kim, at one time General Secretary of the National Committee of the Y. W. C. A. in her own country. Having graduated from Ewha College, she attended Ohio Wesleyan and Boston Universities. At both she took an active part in college activities, being not merely the recipient of favors, as is the case with many foreign students, but giving herself where ever possible. She first came into prominence when at the General Executive Meeting of the Y. W. C. A. in Des Moines in 1923, she presented a proposal for an international association of women to promote

peace and friendship, and to train and protect women and children throughout the world.

In 1924 she represented Korea at the Convention of the Y. W. C. A. in New York. She has been the delegate of Korea to the Institute of Pacific Relations. At a meeting of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1928 she made an impassioned appeal for closer supervision of the mission fields. In response the large body of eight hundred delegates reversed a previous decision and assigned a bishop to Korea. She was a delegate to the recent Jerusalem Conference of the International Council of Missions.

Much has been written in praise of Miss Kim's mental and spiritual qualities. She has been a diligent student and is a member of Phi Beta Kappa. Her friends believe that her activity is prompted not by a desire for publicity or fame for herself, but by true love of country and sincere religious faith.

Miss Tilak

The extraordinary change which may come about in life and thought in a single generation is evidenced in the history of Miss Tilak, one of the younger Christian leaders in India, as contrasted with that of her father and mother. Laximabai was her mother's name, and what a strange sound it has in western ears! Stranger still is her story.

She was brought up in a large family, all the members of which though not closely related, lived in one

house. As a little girl she played with a lovely and poetic boy, Narayan Tilak, and to him she gave her heart. They were not made self-conscious by any thought of marriage, since marriage had no connection with love or preference.

As the boy grew up he became what now might be called "difficult." He was extremely fond of nature and ardently devoted to books. His people believed that his love for books was responsible for many eccentricities, so they took them away from him. He declared that to deprive him of books was to make him mad, and they returned them. Now they decided that if he were married, family cares would give him a feeling of responsibility which he lacked. He said that he was willing to be married provided he might have as his bride the little Laximabai with whom he had played. Her caste and family were equal to his, but she was slightly darker in color and therefore would not have been selected for him. Nevertheless, the family prejudice gave way to his desire.

Then began a life of strange restraint. He dearly loved his wife, but no free association was allowed them, even after the birth of their child. Demonstration of any sort was an offense. One day he carried his baby into the fields where there was no one to prevent him from looking as long as he wished into the face of his own child.

His own mother had been ardently religious, kind, loving and self-sacrificing. To the only gods which she knew she paid all prescribed honors. When she

was unable to go to the temple she sent her little boy to carry out for her the ceremony to be performed each Friday. Placing in his hand a plate heaped with spice-cakes, she bade him offer it to the idol, making the customary bows and prayers. One day a companion went with him, and smelling the delicious spices, they decided that each would eat one cake. Then each ate one more. Then again each ate one. At last they were horrified by seeing the bottom of the dish. For a long time there had been growing in the heart of Narayan a doubt of the god's ability to do any harm. Said he, "Let us test the god. Let us eat the other cakes."

Needless to say no dire woe befell them. As Narayan grew older his studies and his thoughts were occupied with the subject of religion, specifically a religion which would be best for his country. Meeting a missionary in a railroad train he opened his heart. The missionary asked whether he knew the Christian religion.

"No," said Narayan, "that religion is for the uneducated and the ignorant."

Said the missionary, "From what you tell me, you must be almost a Christian in your belief."

He presented Narayan with his own New Testament and asked him to read it through. Narayan kept his promise. When he had read the Sermon on the Mount he said, "I think I have found the teacher India must follow." When he read, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to

them," he said, "I shall follow Christ from this hour."

Mrs. Tilak adored her husband but she could not follow him into the Christian faith. For four years the two lived apart; then she could endure the separation no more. Relatives put every obstacle into the way of a reunion. Carriers refused to transport her goods, Brahmins made the renting of a house almost impossible. At last she determined to take the final step and be baptized. She said to a friend, "I was told when I was a child that on the day I broke my caste, that day my soul would go straight to hell." Nevertheless, one night when she went to bed, she said to her family, "To-morrow a low-caste person is going to draw the water from the well, and I'm going to drink it." Though exhausted by nervous excitement, she carried out her intention.

Mr. Tilak became a famous poet. Anxious to promote the cause of his Master, he decided that in no way could he do so much good as by the composing and writing of verses, articles, books and sermons in the Marathi language. He edited a paper, trained missionaries and native pastors to speak properly, and raised the language of the Christian Church above the low level to which it had fallen. After his death which was mourned by all India, his wife became a Bible-woman and also the matron of the girls' department of the Bombay High School. She addresses meetings and conducts sacred concerts. She knows exactly how to present to her people the truth which has set her free.

This is the story of the mother and father of Miss Tilak. No such obstacles did she encounter. Brought up as a Christian, she knew as a child that all her longing for freedom and all her ambition for learning might be gratified. She graduated from Wilson College in Bombay, and then went to England for sociological study. Her post is that of Head of the Social Service Training Center in Bombay which, financed by Mission Boards, Y. W. C. A. and the Woman's University Center, does work among students training for social service. In her shining face is no evidence of fear or superstition but instead courage and promise for the future.

Nellie Yaba Minn

Like Miss Tilak, Mrs. Nellie Yaba Minn is the offspring of intelligent and cultivated parents. Her father, of the Karen or South Burmese race, was sent to Colgate University to be educated, her mother many years ago organized a missionary union among the Karen women. They were anxious that their daughter should be a physician, and with this in view sent her to the University of Michigan. Unfortunately her eyesight became impaired and she had to give up her studies. She remained in the United States for several years, and when she returned home took part in various sorts of social service.

Finding that many nurses in Rangoon were living in undesirable districts where they were in danger of falling away from the faith learned in mission schools,

she begged the missionaries to help her establish a home for them. When they had regretfully to refuse she appealed to the Y. W. C. A., which, like the missions, lacked the necessary funds. It offered, however, to help if Mrs. Minn could get some support from among the Karen people. Giving up her school on account of her deep concern, she collected enough money to fit out quarters for ten nurses. As she travelled about she presented everywhere the work of the Y. W. C. A., and started classes in sewing, singing and Bible study.

Eventually she became the first Burmese Y. W. C. A. Secretary. When the branch was well started, she and her husband returned to the hill school where they had been stationed. As a result of her interest and labor, there is a hostel for nurses and other social work.

Mianzareh Kapriellian

Of the social service work of Mianzareh Kapriellian of Asiatic Turkey, a missionary says, "I visited her once in the mountain village where she carried on a real 'college settlement.' She heard that Armenians were living like heathen up in the mountains, a whole village full, and that no one went to teach them anything. She left her teaching in the city of Brusa, sold her house to have money for the enterprise and went alone on horseback up to Chalgara, to a people who could not understand why she had come. She made friends with them, taught the women to wash, to stay at home and cook,

instead of spending all their time gossiping and quarreling in the streets, established a school and taught it, taught various industries to the people, weaving and cultivation of different crops; showed them how to live, and against all opposition and indifference finally reformed that whole village. All this was done before the modern change in custom which makes a woman's doing such a thing possible. It was almost a miracle. She is now the matron of a Mission School."

Josefa Abiertas

Josefa Abiertas, a Filipino, devoted her short life to social service of the best kind. In spite of opposition and ridicule, she became the leader of the Philippine W. C. T. U., and fought fearlessly against the use of tobacco and alcohol. Her early death ended a career of promise. Among her successors is Josefa Martinez, a worker for social reform and a supporter of the movement for a United Philippine Church. Esperanza Abellera, the daughter of a United Brethren minister and a graduate of the University of the Philippines with a B.A. degree, is a teacher in the Mission Seminary of the American Board, and is actively connected with the Y. W. C. A., and the W. C. T. U. At present she is in America preparing herself for further educational and Christian work. She is a woman of noble character and fine spirit.

Violet Makanya

A most interesting undertaking in social service is that of Violet Sibusissiwe Makanya, a graduate of the Inanda Semi-

nary and of the normal school at Amanzimtotti in Natal, South Africa. After graduating she taught for three years in day schools, then she took up the work of the Purity League. This organization, entirely a Zulu project, undertakes to instruct the young people of the villages and kraals in the ethics of Christianity. It deals with hygiene, social ideals and every department of clean living. Miss Makanya visits both government and mission schools, traveling hundreds of miles on foot with her gospel. Profoundly grateful to the missionaries, she believes that she can best help them by inspiring the natives to uplift themselves. Her father was at first polygamous and both he and her mother came from the kraal.

In 1928 she was sent to the United States for training, with her expenses paid by the government, because of her influence in strengthening the social morale of her people. Pure Zulu, black of skin and strong of frame, she has a smile to which response is involuntary, and which indicates a keen sense of humor.

"Polygamy," she said, "is slowly dying out," and added with a twinkling eye, "The men are finding that it costs too much." To this the reporter further adds—"the only argument to date in favor of the high cost of living."

We have heard Miss Kawai estimate the importance of Christian missions in the development of the Japanese. To this all the lives recorded above are

further testimony. An educated Hindu bears witness to the dependence upon Christian ideals of all work for social betterment. He says:

"I have given the subject of social reform my best thought and attention these twelve years. My conviction is that the liberal education of women and the consequent happiness of the home is possible only in the Christian community. It is Christianity that allows widows to remarry. It is Christianity that gives fallen women a chance of reclaiming themselves from evil ways. It is Christianity that allows foreign travel. It is Christianity that teaches the dignity of labor. It is Christianity that allows to all facilities for being rich, wise and philanthropic. It is Christianity that gives free scope for women to receive education. It is Christianity that gives salvation without the laborious and multifarious ceremonies. If ever the Hindus are to rise in the scale of nations, it must be by Christianity and Christianity only. Some of my Hindu brothers may say that agnosticism or atheism may produce these results; but I do not believe in that. Man cannot do without religion."

It is only under the Christian religion that mankind has ever approached, though still falling short of perfection, the ideal society of freedom for all men, equality for women, and happiness for little children. Only Christianity promises a future which makes the present life, not a short passage between two dark continents, but a journey with a point of departure and an abiding-place for which earthly years are

MADAM KAJI YAJIMA, CHRISTIAN REFORMER
TEMPERANCE LEADER, JAPAN

merely a preparation. Man is elevated by hope alone, few men do well in spite of despair. Those who decline to acknowledge the value of Christian ethics for society are themselves living under the beneficent influence of Christianity. It is Christianity which has made them free men. For mankind there is no other hope.

CHAPTER V

Pastors' Wives, Home-Makers, and Others

THERE are certain Christian women in foreign lands whom, as is the case with their sisters in America, it is difficult to classify. These are the pastors' wives who bring up their children in new and better ways, themselves set a Christian example, and in many cases turn their houses into hostels for the needy and perplexed. They, above all others, exhibit in non-Christian lands, the beauty and sanctity of the Christian home with its peace, its spirit of helpfulness and love, its respect and consideration of one person for another, its care for the aged and for little children.

Mrs. Jo

Such a woman is Mrs. Jo of Fukushima, Japan. Like many pastors' wives, she was a teacher before her marriage, and afterwards continued to be a teacher and much besides. Pastor Jo's salary was very small, only ninety dollars a year, and having no children Mrs. Jo found it possible to add to the family income.

In addition to this contribution to her husband's work she became a mother to many young men in whom he was interested. Her husband described her influence upon one boy: "Four years ago a young man came to church. He was a Japanese from a great business house in Korea, a youth of an extremely feeble body and forlorn spirit. My wife

comforted him and encouraged him and strove to have him enfolded in the love of Jesus and to receive his discipline. Almost every day he came to our house, and in the spring and winter vacations he stayed in our family. The change that took place in him in the next three years was amazing. He taught the boys' class in Sunday School. His body became healthy and his spirit cheerful; he developed deep love and sympathy. His standing at school was high. In March he graduated from the College of Commerce and in April he returned to Seoul, where he has charge of his father's store. There he has been striving to evangelize the employees. Four years ago when he did not yet know Jesus, he could not love even his friends."

The effort of this young man has special significance because of the feeling between Koreans and Japanese. It is the dream of Mrs. Jo that she may sometime have a house large enough to make a home for ten or twenty young men and be a mother to them.

Myamoto Mura

Another Japanese pastor's wife, little known to fame but a focus of light in darkness, was Myamoto Mura, called by her family Mura, by those outside, according to the custom of her country, Omurasan, or the Honorable Miss Mura. She was born in Sendai, on the east side of North Japan, beside the beautiful bay of Matsushima which is filled with little islands carved into curious forms

by the waves, and covered with pine trees. Her mother because of her own poor health, found a wet-nurse who presently disappeared, taking the baby with her. She was frantically pursued, and the sorrowful reason for her flight was discovered—due to her carelessness the baby had lost the sight of one eye.

When Mura was eight years old, she started to school where her playmates teased her cruelly about her disfigurement. Refusing to attend school, she was beaten, not because her mother was intentionally brutal, but because she believed the punishment to be for the child's good. She not only beat Mura, but placed imflammable powder on her skin and set it afire to banish the evil spirits which made her unruly.

Almost by accident, Mura attended a meeting conducted by Japanese Christians. When next she accompanied her mother to the temple to worship their ancestors, she refused to drink liquor or to dance. So stubborn was she that her parents knew it was useless to try to compel obedience. Still they hoped she would improve, and one day a strange thing came about. New neighbors settled near them, and these people asked to be allowed to take the incorrigible child to the "Jesus meetings." Though her father hated the new religion, he allowed her to go, without, however any faith that she would be improved.

But Mura was improved. She made up her mind at once that she would be a better girl, though teasing on account of her blind eye changed to persecution

because of her changed heart. When her father was threatened with blindness, he asked her to read to him, and her reading of the Scriptures led him to seek the Christian teachers and himself become a Christian. Not only her father but her mother and many near relatives also asked to be baptized.

When she was fourteen years old, she entered a mission school in Sendai, and there she became a student and eventually a teacher of Bible and music. Her disfigurement prevented her from having any thought of marriage, but she was sought by an admirable pastor. She continued to teach in the school and did her housework in addition with her husband's help. After gossiping about this strange attention of a man to his wife, the neighboring women envied her.

Happy, useful, and an example to all, Mura conducted her little home. Girls at school in Sendai were constant visitors, boys at college found in her a mother. Said her husband, "They pretended to come to see me, but it was really the talks with my wife that drew them. When I would complain about not being able to spare the time she would say, 'Pity the poor boys; they have no other place to go; we may be the means of saving them and of giving them an idea of what a Christian home ought to be.' "

Alas, Mura did not stay many years in the happy home which she had made! When her second son was born she did not recover quickly and it was soon apparent that she was not to live. Aware of her approaching death she bade her family and friends

goodbye, witnessing for her faith with her last breath. Her light had gone out, but who can estimate what fires had been set aflame in the young hearts which she loved and influenced?

Mrs. G. L. Mackey

In the year 1860 a little girl was born on a tea-plantation in a remote valley in North Formosa. The eldest child of the family had been a boy, but even though their chief desire was satisfied the parents were disappointed because the second child was a girl. Some members of the family suggested that she be killed as speedily as possible, but against this her mother rebelled.

Until she was three years old she was allowed to stay in her own home; then she was given away to become eventually the wife of a son of the family into which she was received. At the same time a little girl of about her own age was taken by her parents so that they might prepare her to marry their own son.

Little Minnie—this was the name she took later in life—had a hard task-mistress in her future mother-in-law, who trained her into family ways without feeling any love for her. She had one friend in the household, the grandmother of the boy whom she was expected eventually to marry. This good woman's name was Thah So. She listened tenderly to Minnie's sorrowful and wholly justifiable complaints and did her best to stand between her and punishment.

Once a year, about New Year's Day, Minnie was permitted to visit her own home where she had no

longer any right. There, however, she was dearly loved and when the time came to return she managed to step into a flooded rice-field and cover her shoes with mud, or fall into the brook, and thus postpone her departure for a day. When Minnie was thirteen years old, Thah So made a journey to Tamsui. The wharf at which she landed was situated in the busiest quarter of the city. When she stepped from the boat she did not at once attend to the business for which she came but turned aside and by chance heard a missionary preaching the Gospel. This young man was a Canadian of Scotch descent by the name of George L. Mackey. For a year he had been preaching without any converts. Now, however, he found a convert. Thah So not only heard but she believed, and returning home told the good news to her friends. Presently, at the invitation of her and her neighbors, the missionaries built in their village the first Christian chapel in North Formosa, and along with a hundred and fifty others Thah So and Minnie became Christians.

The young man went on preaching, establishing chapels, keeping a watch upon his flock. He kept an eye also upon little Minnie and presently he asked her to become his wife. They were married and set out upon a wedding-tour to all the mission stations. Now, indeed, the Formosans believed that their missionary was theirs indeed.

Minnie set up housekeeping in a white-washed bungalow. When her first little girl was a year old

MISS TILAK, SOCIAL WORKER, Y. W. C. A.—INDIA

she was left in the care of her nurse and other missionaries while her parents paid a visit to Canada. There she saw for the first time life on a busy farm. While her husband was away on missionary business, she did not grieve, but applied herself to learning English so that she might make herself understood without him. A second child was born in Canada and after they returned to Formosa a son was added to the family.

Mrs. Mackey was the mistress of a busy household. The front hall of the little house was turned into an office, the back hall became a dispensary. When the first girls' school of the mission was built the students had to be collected, brought to the mission, clothed and fed. These early pupils Mrs. Mackey received and taught. Until her husband's death in 1901 she took an active part in the work of the mission; afterwards she remained nearby, prepared to assist without seeming to manage or to direct. So greatly beloved was she in the city that the market dealers provided a large stock of food for New Year's Day, festival days and Mrs. Mackey's birthday. After her death a native pastor sent a tribute to the Formosan Church Paper. He said, as though he were addressing Mrs. Mackey:

"Since I met you first until the last time I saw you, full fifteen years have passed. During all these years your good life has been to us a demonstration of the following three gifts:

"You were a happy woman. A non-Christian

teacher once said to me, the services in a Christian Church are like the joy of a wedding-feast. How true this is we all know, but alas! how often do we relax from that joyful spirit the moment we leave the church. But whenever we saw you, Mrs. Mackey, we knew that there was joy within you.

"You were a peaceful woman. Those of us who have known you, of whatever nationality, of whatever tribe, be he a foreigner, a Japanese or a Formosan, be he a relative, a friend, or a stranger, there was not one who was not drawn to you. We have never heard any one speak ill of you, and we have never heard you speak ill of others. I do not think you knew what strife meant.

"You were a loving woman. We have met many who can love a few people, but never have we met any whose love was so universal, and so broad. Your love was for rich and poor alike and for the old and the young. Your love was lasting. Although some may love others for a time, your love was for all time."

Of her, her son said: "She had a warm heart, was sincere and affectionate, unselfish and humble, patient and forgiving. Among her characteristics was a keen and ready wit. In the early days when there was much persecution of the Christians, when our preachers and pastors were sorely tried, she was always the one who dispelled dark clouds with her words of cheer.

"In those days our house was in many respects

more like an inn than a house. Crowds of people, preachers, students, converts, travelers, strangers, heathen, sick folks and others would constantly come and go. Meals and sleeping quarters must be provided and Mother was hospitality itself. For well nigh half a century she was associated with this mission. Of the trials and hardships of pioneer days she had a large share. She saw the first planting of the mustard seed. She lived to see thousands of converts scattered throughout Formosa."

Mrs. Mackey left three children. The elder daughter is a worker for the Woman's Missionary Society, the second is the wife of a native pastor, the son is the Head of the Boys' High School.

Abbie Shah

In faraway Central India is Abbie Shah, a pastor's wife whom one might classify as Bible-woman and evangelist, nurse and social-worker, poet and reformer. She is the daughter of a pioneer worker in Methodist Missions; her husband, is the grandson of William Carey's first Mohammedan convert, and is a pastor in the Church of the Disciples. They live in a village near Mumgeli, where Mrs. Shah has charge of the evangelistic work in her husband's district. Wise and capable, understanding the problems of her sisters, she is constantly sought after as a speaker and counsellor.

Her report for a year, written in a beautiful hand describes her activities:

"During the year I have had the privilege of preach-

ing the good tidings of our Lord Jesus Christ in 35 villages. Out of the 35 I visited regularly each month 22. There are 160 families in my circle. The total number of people to whom we have preached the Gospel is close to 2400.

"There are 17 Christian women in my Bible-class, all of whom try their best to come regularly. Each one is expected to contribute according to her ability, whether in grain or coin, and as her name is called she brings her offering. They put their minds to the lesson and thus are moving forward in Christian faith and doctrine. They have learned how to keep their children and houses clean and to clothe their children who no longer want to go naked.

"One of the bad customs here is that at the time of confinement the mother is given nothing to eat. She is required to fast five days. I have been quite successful in overcoming this among our Christians. In such cases I take a meal from my home and give the patient to eat. Another evil custom is the giving of opium to the children. I am trying my best to stop this but I must go very slowly. The women go into the fields to work and give a little opium to the baby to keep him sleeping.

"The women in my class have all learned to pray. Some have learned verses from the Bible and most of them can sing. My co-worker knows nursing and midwifery. Her name is Jumia Bai and together we help the people in surrounding villages. The total membership of Christians in the twelve near villages

MICHI KAWAI, FORMER HEAD
OF THE Y. W. C. A.
JAPAN

TING SHU CHING, GENERAL
SECRETARY, Y. W. C. A.
CHINA

MRS. C. C. CHEN,
VICE-CHAIRMAN NATIONAL
COMMITTEE, Y. W. C. A.
CHINA

MRS. H. C. MEI,
CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL
COMMITTEE, Y. W. C. A.
CHINA

is 89. We are supporting a boy in the orphanage and have employed an evangelist. We have eighteen tithers. Besides our school for Christians we have six for non-Christians. In every respect we are moving forward."

Like Mrs. Mackey, Mrs. Shah has a son to honor her. From the University of Chicago where he is a student he wrote this tribute to his mother:

"She is a consecrated woman. She has the vision of the great work that may be done in the zenanas of India. As she talks and prays, the faces of the women light with smiles. She both preaches and sings the Gospel, for she composes many songs which grow out of her rich, deep Christian experiences. People send for her from miles off; she is a beacon light for all the villages around. People trust her. A rich Hindu woman, when dying, gave her a purse whose contents she was to use as she saw fit for some good cause. This started the fund which has made possible the new church building. She heals the sick; comforts the sorrowful; teaches the ignorant; reclaims those who are cast out.

"She has a keen intellect. She can devour books by hundreds and it is amazing that with her many duties she can read so many books and magazines. Her public activities are many. She recently returned from the All-India Women's Temperance Conference where she went as a delegate. All causes that lift the women of India are dear to her heart."

Nothing is more unprofitable than to attempt to measure the influence of a single life. When asked for the number of his converts a missionary answered, "It is not my business to count converts, it is my business to win them." Following are the stories of nine Christian women, none in official position of any sort, none prominent or famous in any way.

Mrs. Chang

As a girl in China Mrs. Chang heard the gospel from her uncle who in turn had heard it in a nearby city. She believed and accepted the good news and when she married into the Chang family she carried it with her to her new home. The family was very large, there was no chapel within ten miles, and no one so far as is known, had ever heard any Christian doctrine. How the change came about is not recorded, but soon the young girl's husband sought out the nearest missionaries, and was baptized.

Presently the head of the family allowed the young people to invite a missionary to preach in his house. The congregation consisted of old Mr. Chang, his five sons and their wives and children, and all the friends and neighbors who were willing to come. In a short time persons entering the front door saw, not a god-shelf, but a long scroll containing the ten commandments and the Lord's prayer, neatly written in Chinese characters. Through all the large farmhouse and buildings, tracts and posters were pasted on the walls. Bibles and portions of Bibles were ac-

quired by all the adults who instructed the children. The visiting missionary not only preached to the people but baptized and administered the communion. Presently the church outgrew the house and it was decided to purchase a property in the heart of the nearest village, the Chinese believers contributing a fair share of the purchase price. Many were coming to the meetings when suddenly hordes of soldiers swept down upon the village and Christian work was interrupted.

It is impossible that the interruption should be anything but temporary. Already by her influence young Mrs. Chang has assembled under the banner of her Lord a body of disciples larger than those of the first Christian church.

Mrs. Tai

In the early nineties pioneer missionaries visited a small village on the banks of the Han River in the Province of Hupeh. The newcomers were the first Western people whom the villagers had seen, and they left their spinning-wheels and looms, their threshing and basket-weaving, even their card-playing and wine, to stare at the white faces and the strange clothes and to hear the story which the strangers brought. Some seed fell by the wayside, some on stony ground, some was choked among thorns, but a single grain fell into the fertile soil of a tender and bereaved heart.

Mrs. Tai was over fifty when now she first heard the story of the Saviour. She was a widow with

several children who were too small to support themselves. Her grief remained unassuaged long after the death of her husband and when her day's work was done she went to his grave, threw herself face downward upon it and weeping bitterly sought in vain for comfort. Often she was exhausted because she had deprived herself of food in order to have money to spend for incense to burn for her departed. This brought her no help, her dread of the unknown grew more and more keen.

Hearing the story of the missionaries, she invited them to her house, bidding them make it their home when they came to the village. Before long she and her family were baptized. Her son became an evangelist, one daughter married a bookseller in the mission, and another daughter married Evangelist Chao.

To the Chao family were born four girls and one boy; then Mr. Chao died, leaving his wife penniless. She did not, like her mother in her grief, throw herself despairingly upon the grave of her husband, but asked God for help and set about bringing up her children as best she could. Herself unable to read or write, she determined that each child must be well educated.

Her oldest daughter completed a high school course and became a teacher. She married an evangelist and continued to teach and to do the work of a Bible-woman. Sharing her mother's ambition for her younger sisters, she assisted in their support. The second daughter went from high school to study nursing. She proved to have ability and is now able

in her turn to help her mother and sisters and brother. The third daughter is a Bible-woman. The youngest sister and brother are pupils in the mission school.

Of the daughters of Mrs. Chao a missionary has written, "They are beautiful and attractive girls and are in every respect the picture of a new China. They are ambitious and hopeful for the uplift of their fellow-countrymen. They have not bound their feet and they wear leather shoes and knit stockings. Their dress consists of a pleated black silk skirt and a Chinese blouse in lighter color. Their cleanliness and neatness, together with a sweet smile upon their faces, makes an impression upon everyone. They have stood the fiery test of persecution and ridicule and have been made fit for their future work in Church and State. From an insignificant little village, and an ignorant, superstitious, dark and gloomy home, filthy within and without, have come some of the purest and finest products of China."

Mrs. Leu

To leave out Chinese Mrs. Leu is impossible, though her lot is very lowly, her achievement not notable, her life still uncompleted. She introduced herself to the missionaries of the Southern Methodist Church in a curious way. It was New Year and an evangelistic meeting was being held. Suddenly arrived Mrs. Leu, who announced in a loud voice that she had had a quarrel with her family and that she intended to join the church to spite them. Nothing could quiet her; dur-

ing the meeting she continued to scold, and when it was over she denounced her kin again in loud tones.

"Put down my name!" she shouted. "I tell you I'm mad enough to join the church and you can't stop me from believing." The missionaries explained that the church was not an organization which one could join in a rage. To their surprise she appeared the next evening and the next and eventually was truly converted. She attended all the services, did everything she could to assist in ushering or in taking care of the children, and has been faithful for more than seven years.

Matsue Miyagawa "Temple River Pine Bough"

Miyagawa Matsue San, whose name may be translated Temple-River Pine-Bough Miss, was born in a village near Tokyo. Her arrival was something of a disappointment because she was the first child and should have been a boy, but after prayer had been lifted to the gods that the next child might be a son, she was made welcome. On the seventh day of her little life her name was written on a slip of paper and laid before the ancestral tablets on the god-shelf, so that the grandparents of many generations might know that there was a new Miyagawa. When she was twenty-one days old she was carried to the temple and there presented to the gods themselves, and when she was a hundred days old she was given with great ceremony, three grains of rice, her first solid food.

For six years she played happily and learned the gentle politeness of the Japanese, how to stand and sit properly, how to say "go-chiso samo" meaning "an honorable feast" at the end of a meal, and to say "sayonara" or good bye when leaving the house. She watched with rapture the preparations for the Feast of Dolls, an annual celebration especially for girls. All the dolls were brought out, some of them dressed in imitation of the Emperor and Empress and their court, and the little girls went visiting to and fro to inspect and admire the precious possessions of their playmates.

Especially Matsue was trained to be obedient to her parents, her grandparents, her brother younger than she, but much more important because he was a boy, and to all in authority. She was taught to help in arranging the offerings for the gods.

When she was six she was sent to school as the law required and there she learned to read and write the four thousand characters of the Japanese alphabet, and studied a little arithmetic and geography. Still the instruction in polite behavior continued, and now she must also venerate the picture of the Emperor in its little shrine.

Sunday was a holiday and once her playmates took her with them to a new sort of school where teachers told the children about another God, different from the cruel and indifferent gods whom they worshipped, someone who loved them and whom they were to think of as their Father. Matsue was pleased with the

teachers, though they had round, rather alarming looking blue eyes, such as only painted dragons have in Japan. She was also delighted with the singing and above all with the wonderful playing of hymns on the cottage organ.

Her father made no objection to her attending these meetings, evidently considering them harmless. Probably, though he seemed to be a stern father, he was inclined to spoil his little girl. When Commencement time came she stood at the head of her class and then she won from him permission which indicated far greater leniency. He wished her to attend a government High School for girls in Tokyo, she wished to attend the Christian school from which came the teachers who conducted the Sunday School which she loved. At first her father refused to grant her request, but presently he yielded. In the Christian school were American teachers, and the instruction in English and music, two popular subjects, was superior to that in the government school.

For five years Matsue continued to study. She was very happy because she loved to learn and because she loved her teachers. Influenced by their lives, she herself became a Christian and asked to be baptized. To this her father did not object; apparently he believed the ceremony to be merely one of the school exercises. She was retained as a teacher and was in daily association with those whom she loved.

But a cloud was gathering on the horizon of Matsue's bright sky. The end and aim of the lives of all Japanese women was the same—marriage, and her

MISS JOSEFA ABIERTAS, WITH CUP WON FOR ORATION—THE FILIPINA WOMAN'S BEST GIFT TO HER COUNTRY

father notified the go-betweens who arrange such matters that he wished a suitable husband for his accomplished daughter. He presently informed Matsue that various young gentlemen had proposed for her honorable hand.

Once, twice, thrice, again and again, Matsue persuaded him to wait, but at last the evil day could be postponed no longer. Mr. Miyagawa announced to the school authorities in the humble Japanese metaphor that he was about to take his troublesome daughter off their hands. Poor little Matsue! Her father's choice was a Buddhist who was an entire stranger. Again her pleas had an effect, but this was her last reprieve; she was informed that now she must select a husband for herself and marry him at once. She was more than twenty years old, the family were disgraced by her delay. What would be thought of her and of them?

Matsue promptly selected her young man, a Christian who attended her church, the brother of a friend, and together they began a new home, united instead of divided in faith, with equality instead of injustice, with peace and freedom instead of discontent and suppression, "the beginning of one more center of good influence, one more mighty power for righteousness, one more Christian home in the beautiful and well-loved country of Japan."

Yoshi

Far lower in the social scale than Matsue but like her an important stone in the Christian edifice was Yoshi, the nursemaid of a

missionary family in Sendai. Her father was killed on the railroad, her mother grew disheartened and dissipated under the burdens laid upon her feeble shoulders; of all the family only one brother who became a locomotive engineer was a person of responsibility.

Yoshi was seriously lacking in intelligence. She forgot the simplest duties and bungled the simplest tasks. But she had character, she was truthful, she was deeply affectionate, and she could be trusted not to corrupt the little children under her care. She became a Christian in her new situation and her face grew radiant.

One day she requested a half holiday "in order to be married." Startled and disturbed, her master asked whether she wished to be married. She said no, but that it was necessary to marry in order to provide for her mother. The missionary and his wife at once visited the mother and found her tottering drunkenly about preparing the wedding-feast. She had selected a time when the older brother was away and could not come to the aid of his sister. The wedding was prevented, the mother was given a little house on the mission property, Yoshi was advanced the money to pay the bills for the feast she had not had, and she returned to the family which she loved.

Presently a suitable young man proposed marriage and Yoshi went with him to his home. There both husband and wife suffered from the cruelty of a domineering brother who was at the head of the

family. When Chiyoki became ill his brother persuaded him that Yoshi was trying to kill him and he divorced her. In despair she took refuge with her friends the missionaries, declaring, "We are all bad. My mother, my brother, my sister, my husband, my husband's brother, all are bad. I am bad. We are all bad."

Fortunately Chiyoki came to his senses and remarried her. Not only that, but he became a Christian with her. Of him his pastor said, "He never could master the theory of Christian salvation. The catechism is beyond him. But he knows that he is bad and that he must cling to Christ and His Church to be saved; and when the minister announces that since cold weather has come men are asked to volunteer to set up the stoves next Saturday afternoon, everyone knows that there will be a host of volunteers and their name is Chiyoki."

When the missionary's wife and his three children, one of them a new-born baby, fell ill of typhoid-fever, Yoshi and Chiyoki were at the door, the one to say, "Master, we are praying. Mistress will recover," the other to speak in his own fashion by fetching pail and broom and beginning to scrub. Said her pastor again of Yoshi, "So she goes on groping and feeling her way, but with her face always turned toward the light. And I have noticed the people living in the neighborhood of her home, are apt to be convinced of the truth and power of the religion called Yaso."

An unnamed Christian

In a mission in Saga lived the mother-in-law of Mr. Yamanouchi, a minister. She was a devout Christian and from her countenance shone the peace that was in her heart. When she died a man attended the services not merely from courtesy, but from curiosity. He approached the coffin and looked down, himself soon to take the long journey upon which this aged saint had embarked.

"I wish to see how a Christian looked when dead," he explained afterwards. "They seem to die so willingly. There is something in that face which I have never experienced."

He became a faithful student of the Bible and eventually a member of the church.

Mrs. Baba

Mrs. Baba read an advertisement on the Saga Street. The Christians who had a mission nearby were about to hold evangelistic meetings to which all were invited. Mrs. Baba's husband had a good business and he cared for her in the Japanese fashion; and she had a large family of small boys and girls. But in her life was emptiness; she was continually aware of depression in her own heart, she was also continually aware of a dark wall which rose at the end of human life, beyond which there was only deeper darkness.

She attended an evangelistic meeting, then another, then she took her children to the mission Sunday School and sat with them, receiving the same sort of simple instruction. She was convinced and

converted and joyfully became a member of the church.

Her husband was bitterly opposed to her act. She had decided a matter for herself, she who should be subject to him in all things! Moreover she took the children to church at hours when she was accustomed to help him in the store.

Always courteous, always gentle and good natured, Mrs. Baba rose earlier in the morning and remained at work later in the night. Her husband had to acknowledge that her religion had done her good and not harm. Said he, "This is a good religion for women and children." Soon her neighbors took note of the change. "You sing while you work. Why is it?" "I am a Christian," she answered. "You always answer your husband gently. Why is it?" "I am a Christian," said she. "You speak quietly to your children," said they. "I have learned to do that since I am a Christian," said she. She expounded the doctrines of Christianity. Her neighbors listened, some disturbed in their ancient faith, asked questions; a few believed with her.

Presently a strange thing happened to Mrs. Baba. The missionaries invited her to dine and to bring her husband. Mr. Baba was outraged—to eat with one's wife was the unforgivable social sin. "Never!" said he. "Never!"

The invitation was repeated, the Japanese evangelist came to explain that he was going to be there with his wife, the missionaries intended not to insult

Mr. Baba but to pay him a compliment. He agreed to go; Mrs. Baba wept. "For twenty-five years I have lived with him. Never once have we sat down at table together. I have waited upon him, then upon my sons, then upon my daughters, and after all have eaten, I have found a cold bite for myself."

When the dinner was over, Mr. Baba walked home by the side of his wife. In an hour she had been elevated from the lowly place of a slave to that of a queen.

Koima

Koima, an evangelist's daughter, beautiful according to occidental as well as to oriental ideals, became the servant in a missionary family. There, because the surroundings were Christian and she was treated with consideration and affection, she remained until she was married. Until the birth of her son she was practically a slave to her mother-in-law. Her religion especially was hated, she was not allowed to attend Christian gatherings of any sort. When she had borne a son, her position was more free. She returned to church and all other services of the mission, but her heart was not at ease. If she could only show the old people the beauty of the religion which they despised!

Finally she came to the missionaries.

"There is a little old house behind the church building. It is empty and if you would allow my husband's aged parents to live there, where they could watch the Christians coming and going and

hear them speak—if they could see and hear all that is said and done, they would surely believe."

The girl was right, her faith was rewarded by the conversion not only of her parents-in-law, but of the household. The little son, whose birth saved her from a position of contempt is now a student in the theological seminary in Tokyo.

Hisayo Fujii

The story of Hisayo Fujii and how she postponed her wedding and educated her husband has in it elements of humor as well as elements of determination and common sense. Her father died before her birth and her mother allowed childless relatives to adopt her. They were worldly people who believed that she had ample education when she graduated from the high school, and who expected her to marry and settle down. Supported by various members of the family who were sympathetic, she finally succeeded in attending the Women's University and in graduating in the domestic science course.

Suddenly her foster-father became very ill and she was persuaded to go through the marriage ceremony beside what was said to be his death-bed. With her safely married he recovered at once. But he did not understand the spirit of his daughter. She declined to live with her husband until he had completed a course at a preparatory school. At the end of this period she consented to establish a home—but it must be in Fukuoka where there was an agricultural

college which her husband should attend while she supported the household by teaching. She now has her own home, her husband is a Christian, and her children are being brought up in the Christian faith.

Chundra Lela

The famous story of Chundra Lela told in its entirety, would far outreach the space allowed for but a single fruit of Christian missions; it offers material for a story as lengthy as "Kim."

Chundra Lela was born among the Himalya mountains, the child of a Brahmin priest. When she was seven years old, she was married to the son of another priest, but on account of her tender years she was allowed to remain at home. It was not customary for girls to read and write, but her father taught her, more probably to occupy and amuse himself than for any other reason.

When she was nine years old, her husband died, and she became instead of a petted child and an honored bride, an outcaste to be despised for the sin which had destroyed her husband. Her hair was cut, she was banished from all social gatherings, and deprived of pretty clothes and ornaments.

When she was twelve, her father took her with him on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Juggernaut hundreds of miles away in eastern India. The temple of the hideous god is magnificent and the land for eighty miles round is holy. At the time of the annual festival it was the custom to place the god upon an

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enormous car and drag it through the streets, each of the thousands of pilgrims trying to get a hold on the ropes. In religious frenzy those who survived the perils and hardships of their long journey thither threw themselves into the mud beside or before the enormous mass as it moved slowly along.

The father of Chundra Lela succumbed to exhaustion, and escorted by her companions the young girl returned to her distant home. She had inherited her husband's property and she could have lived in comfort, but her heart was not at rest. She had continued to read and study the sacred books—they promised one who visited and worshiped at all the holy places forgiveness from sin and a vision of God. This she decided, was what her soul needed.

Though she was less than fourteen years old, she set out, with two companions, widows like herself, who also wished to make this pilgrimage. She intended to go first to the extreme east of India, then to the extreme west, then to the south, then to the north. She intended to obey every least rule—then she might be forgiven her sin. Stealing out of the house at night, so that they might not be restrained, each with a belt of gold round her waist, the three women set forth.

At every shrine they halted, at every sacred river they bathed, to idols and priests they made offerings. In honor of the goddess Sita, Chundra Lela poured hot water over her body, at Calcutta she bathed in the Ganges and made offerings at forty-five holy

places. At Juggernaut where her father had died, she bowed before the monstrous idol and again made offerings.

Still she had no peace of heart, but she had hope—she was as yet far from the fulfillment of her vow. Near Ceylon, a thousand miles to the south, in tropical country stood the temple of Ram; to it the women set out on foot. Worship there gave them no happiness except a sense of duty fulfilled, and they took up their path toward the west and the shrine of the impure and vicious god Krishna. Here Chundra Lela worshiped again, painting her body with sandalwood and giving gifts.

The last of the great temples she had determined to visit stands on Badrinath, one of the mountains of the Himalyas. It is situated more than ten thousand feet above sea-level and the pathway thither is of rocks and ice. With bleeding feet and longing hearts they climbed. They had now been away from their home for seven years, but the sins they had committed were unforgiven, they had had no vision of God.

After remaining three days they descended, only to climb another mountain. To this temple they carried water brought from the Ganges. Now a great calamity occurred. They descended to visit other shrines, and both of Chundra's companions died, one of fever, the other of cholera. Said she: "I had visited the four great places sacred to the Hindus, a great many smaller places, and had expended much money, but

in vain. I had received no manifestation nor any evidence that the Supreme Being, or any lesser god was pleased with my worship. My two faithful friends were gone, and I was alone in the world."

Having still a little hope, she joined a company of pilgrims who were going to the temple of Juggernaut, and for the third time set out to that dreadful shrine. On the way a local ruler persuaded her to remain and be his priestess. She accepted for a few years, living in comparative comfort and teaching the women of the palace. Again she grew restless and set out upon another journey.

Before she had gone very far she met a fakir who promised her what she sought—she must torture herself, then peace would come. She vowed that during the six hot months she would sit all day in the sun with fires built close to her. From midnight until daylight she would stand on one foot before an idol, and in the cooler months she would sit in a pond of water.

"This," said she, "I did, calling upon Ram day and night, with no response."

Having tortured herself vainly for three years, she gave her idols away, saying that she would never worship them again. She had spent her money and now she supported herself by teaching. One day in the house of a friend she came upon Christian literature and, reading, was deeply affected. She sought the missionaries nearby, listened to their teaching, and eventually asked for baptism.

Now more than ever, she found it impossible to rest at home. Her Bible in her hand, she went from house to house, from street to street, now preaching to great crowds, now to a few persons. She accompanied pilgrims, not as one of them, but as one who sought to lead them to a better way. Poor, worn out, persecuted, she was intensely happy. At the age of sixty-five she consented to settle down with her friends, but only on condition that the house which they offered her should be near the road, so that when she could no longer walk, she could creep to the door and tell the passerby of her Saviour. Chundra Lela was a seeker after truth, she learned that there was one truth and one only which could satisfy her heart.

Lisa

Persecutions have been lightly touched upon in our account of Christian development. Glimmering light from the Gospel, preached in the borders of dark countries, has penetrated into the interior; fear of great ships, of loud-speaking rifles, and of airplanes, and many other influences have changed enmity to curiosity, scorn to respect. But it is still possible to perish in testifying for Christ. Jean McKenzie, most eloquent of missionaries, tells of Lisa who held her life cheap in comparison with the Christian virtue she had learned.

"At eight o'clock of this Sabbath morning it is breathless in the village. The goats lie in the middle of the street under a bright sunlight. From the huts,

that would be closed at this hour of a week day, and from the women in their gardens, there comes a murmur of voices—the people are oiling themselves and combing themselves and borrowing one of the other the kerchiefs and the loin cloths and the sumptuous raiment with which they will honour the day.

"Presently from the manse behind the palm trees Luanga, the wife of the preacher, sallies forth to call upon the white woman. For I am lying ill in that little cabin which the impeccable Christians have built for their occasional missionary guests.

"I observe Luanga to be rather grand—grander far than her husband Bekalli, whose ambitions have not developed with his great reputation. That little figure of a servant of God has not altered its fashion since the day, long ago, when he went about our neighborhood with a lantern, calling his fellow-Christians—so few in number then—to come that night to the house of God, where with him they must give thanks because he had at last finished payment on a wife—and that was Luanga. Here is Luanga to-day with the busy air of a minister's wife—calling on the sick, with a cloth about her body and a kerchief on her head. Only the pattern of her tattoo has not changed—it is still dark between her eyes that are wide apart, and upon the upper lip there is as ever the tattoed similitude of a mustache.

"I lie on my old camp cot, surrounded by the table and the stool and the lantern and the pails of bright spring water. I know I need not talk—Luanga will

take care of that . . . I think about Luanga, how happy she is to be the wife of Bekalli, who has the virtues of his tribe and not the vices; I remember her tragic youth and her first marriage—before she heard the word of God. And I ask her when did she first hear of the things of God.

"Luanga, it seems, first heard the word of God from a black woman, and this was before the white man had brought the news to our part of the forest. In those days the Mpongwe people from the beach used to come up from their grand towns in Gaboon to trade with the forest tribes. Two of these traders were partners, and one had a wife. Her name was Lisa. She was a beautiful woman, Luanga says, and I, who know the Mpongwe, believe her. She wore bright cloths about her body, and a chemise, very white, beneath these. The ivory combs in her hair were cunningly carved and she had other ornaments of the yellow metal. She had many little bowls and dishes with the very image of a kind of flower on them—never was the like seen in the forest before, nor after, until the white man came.

Luanga knew all these cloths and combs and dishes by heart because she was the little handmaid of the admired Lisa. 'I was then,' says Luanga 'as big as your wrist,' and this is to say that she was between eleven and thirteen. I think I can see the little Luanga of those days, and she wears a green leaf apron and bustle of dried grasses; there is a belt of leopard skin about her middle and a stain of tattoo

between her two bright eyes. She is washing her mistress's clothes, they are as gay as flowers, in a stream. All the other little damsels hang about, bursting with envy of the uplifted Luanga. She drives them away from her mistress's door. She polishes the steel knives and the flowered bowls. She spreads the table with a clean cloth, as Mpongwe people do. Presently her lady sits down to meat, and Luanga is there. 'We first thank our Father for the food he has given us,' says Lisa—oh, how long ago! And this is the first word ever heard by Luanga of Zambe the Creator, known ever to the forest tribes, —that He takes thought of the needs of men.

"Luanga does not remember how long she served that gentle person—a dry season perhaps, or more. But she remembers a day when Lisa had been crying. Her husband was away on a journey, he had gone on the path of the rising sun to hunt an ivory. And on this day when Lisa had been crying, she told her little Luanga, speaking the forest tongue in her broken way, that her husband's partner had evilly enticed her—but she had not consented. Christian women, she told Luanga, do not consent. Rather she had run away into the forest, spending the night there in a great horror and fear. This was one day, and on the next, when the little maid-servant came to the door of her mistress, there was the partner; he stood at the door; he forbade Luanga to enter. Lisa had a headache, she was ill, she must not be troubled. And the next day—none having seen her for these many hours—Lisa was dead.

"Luanga and I look at one another. And, 'What did you do?' I ask.

" 'We buried her. When her husband returned with the ivory, his partner told him—"Your wife is dead, we put her in the ground." This is what the partner said, and the people of the forest said the same. I alone had another word to say, but I was a child no bigger than your wrist. I feared to say it. I never said it. Eke! The many days since I have forgotten these things! Only the question you asked has made me remember.'

"The drum beats the call for church, and Luanga, suddenly reminded to look like the wife of a much admired minister bustles away. The people in every kind of Sunday finery—from a new leaf apron to the most impressive calico toga—flock up the hill to the church . . . Presently I hear them sing and . . . in the silence after the singing I hear the voice of Bekalli; I cannot distinguish his words, but well I know he will be telling them of the things of God and the things of the heart. And Luanga I know will be sitting among the women.

"For myself, I lie thinking of the Mpongwe woman who fought the good fight and most certainly resisted unto death. How far away must have seemed to that poor woman the mission station down in the Gaboon, and those white friends of hers, the fellowship of the Mpongwe people of God and the little church at Baraka, filled always with the wind from the sea. Where were then her mother and her breth-

CHUNDRA LILA

ren? Where was the cloud of witnesses? Only one little witness, and she no bigger than your wrist!

"And I think too of the many white women who have asked me, looking at me with incredulous eyes: 'And do you truly think they are Christians?'

Let us think once more of these women—of Mrs. Jo, in Japan striving to teach the youths who come to her house of "the warm love of Jesus"; of Mrs. Mackey in Formosa, to whom it was said, "Whenever we saw you, we knew there was joy within you"; of Abbie Shah, in India, preaching, teaching, nursing; of Mrs. Tai in China whose weeping was changed to rejoicing, and whose life bore rich fruit; of Chundra Lela, seeking peace by way of torture, and having found another way, leading others to it; of Lisa, who, though she is long at rest, yet causes our hearts to burn—and let us ask ourselves, humbly, and not without self-reproach "And do you truly think they are Christians?"

CHAPTER VI

The Ever-Widening Stream

IN the countries where Christian missionaries are at work, few women converts have attained prominence in avocations other than those which equip them to carry on the enterprises of the mission. Teachers, evangelists, Bible-woman—of these there are many, and the number of physicians and nurses is constantly increasing. Only here and there, however, have women adopted other professions. With minds untrained in youth, the majority of converts have not advanced beyond the elements of learning. As time passes, however, enlightened women will become aware of hitherto unsuspected talents and will demand the satisfaction of musical or artistic tastes.

Aya Kurihara

The mission of the Dutch Reformed Church in Japan records the name of a famous artist, Aya Kurihara, who was a product of Christianity. She entered Sturges Seminary in Nagasaki when she was considerably above the average age of the other pupils. She was a child of good parentage, but her father had died and they had become very poor. She had already supported herself by sewing for the family with whom she lived. She had an intense ambition, not to be a teacher or a physician like the more advanced of her acquaintances, but to be a painter. She had an inherited tal-

ent and her success in her art in the Seminary encouraged her to have faith in her ability. Aided first by a monthly gift from one of the teachers, then by a small loan which was to be repaid as she was able, she departed to Tokyo to begin a long course of diligent and persevering training under private teachers and in the Woman's Art School.

Success and fame rewarded her efforts, her pictures began to appear at exhibitions, and to receive prize after prize. When she died, still a young woman, she was considered one of the most promising painters in Japan. Her most successful pictures are those of children. She signed her work with the name "Gyokuyo" and by this she is best known.

She became a Christian when she was in Sturges Seminary, and after she went to Tokyo she was a regular attendant at Church and a teacher in Sunday School. As she became absorbed in her profession, and in the care of her mother and the children of her brother who lived in her house, she ceased to be as constant in her attendance. Upon her death-bed, however, she seemed to forget that which was unimportant. Speech became impossible and motioning to her attendants to unwrap her hand which was bandaged on account of rheumatism, she wrote the words "Tengo u ye" which meant "To heaven." In spite of her intense ambition and the wider fame opening before her, she apparently went without regret to the place prepared for her by her Saviour.

So far as we know Miss Kurihara was the only

MRS. GEORGE L. MACKEY, FORMOSA

Oriental Christian artist of note. Of musicians the number is slightly larger. Western music is becoming popular even in Japan where it is alien to all inherited modes. The singing of hymns was first begun as a spiritual exercise and a means of imparting Christian truth. Very soon the students asked to learn music for its own sake and many schools now have musical departments. The most successful Japanese pianists are women, and the most famous is probably Miss Sue Ogura, a Christian graduate of a mission school. Of her it is said, "in an age when social standards are in flux and the eyes of the public keen to detect scandal, Miss Ogura sets for young professional women a valuable example of care for things of good report. In her concert tour she is always accompanied by her German sister-in-law, to whom she owes much of her early training and her music privileges."

Suye Shibata

Suye Shibata, a teacher of music, is the daughter of the retainer of a Japanese feudal lord. When the feudal system was abolished, her father lost his position and moved with all his family to Nagasaki. There work was difficult to find and it was hard to become adjusted to new ways. One by one the inherited treasures were sold to buy food until all were gone except the portraits of the great-grandparents. Meanwhile a new treasure was offered to the family—a Bible brought by a friend, who suggested also that the children be sent to a

mission school. Suye and her father and mother were baptized. After her graduation she became a teacher in her Alma Mater. Talented in music, she was able to attend the New England Conservatory, and having graduated to return after a period of years and take post-graduate work.

Emilia Saprid Cruz

The Philippine Islands have produced Emilia Saprid, a singer who is notable for more than her musical talent. The youngest child of a Christian family in the town of Imus, Cavite Province, she lived the happy and care-free life which is the natural right of a child. She was sent to Sunday School and church and to the public school in her village. She was not only bright in her studies, but she had a voice and an ear for music which attracted the attention of her elders.

When she was thirteen years old a missionary who had established a school for girls in Manila came to visit the Saprid family. She was on the outlook for promising students who might be trained for Christian service, and she asked that Emilia might attend. Dissatisfied with the public schools which provided no religious instruction, her parents gave their consent. The Saprids were poor and her support had to be provided for. Unknown to her and her family a Christian business man in Manila furnished the funds.

Her progress in music was so rapid that before long she was able to assist in the instruction of the younger

pupils, and also to sing solos at the school exercises and entertainments. Presently her education was interrupted. Tuberculosis is a common and dread affliction of her people, and she showed signs of having become infected. She was at once placed in a sanitarium and for months was watched over and encouraged by her missionary friends. When she was dismissed she was required to live for some months at her home in the country and there obey the rules of fresh air, diet and exercise. Anxious to live and to return to school, she obeyed directions to the letter. Her friends visiting her, found an egg-shell on each of the many pickets of the fence—she had preserved them to show her obedience.

In the end she recovered and returned to graduate with honors. She then became an instructor, teaching music and Bible classes. Her voice grew in volume and richness and she continued to teach after her marriage to a Christian, Mr. Domingo Cavan. Her married life was brief, her husband living only two years. At the time of his death, her closest friend among the teachers was preparing to return to America on furlough. She brought Emilia with her, chiefly to study music for a year.

Returning to Manila, she took up her old work in the school, adding to her teaching of the children the conducting of choruses, and a great deal of solo work. Deeply stirred by the hard lot of the numerous lepers, she traveled about speaking in their behalf. When it was decided by the government to remove the chil-

dren from the nearby leper colony, the largest in the world, to a colony called Welfareville where they were practically safe from infection, but, oh how homesick and forlorn! she carried games and playthings to them, provided them with treats on Thanksgiving and Christmas, and taught vocal and instrumental music to those who could learn. She has published a collection of the folk songs of her people. Remarried, she is now Mrs. Cruz. Wherever she is, she carries on a continual work for the leper children.

Christian Literature

No phase of missionary work is more important than the preparation of Christian literature. The colporteur must have the translated Scriptures to carry about; there must be in addition, hymns, material for use in Sunday Schools, and also literature to satisfy not only the children, but the grown persons who hunger like children for "something to read."

In some countries, the mission press is useless until decades of labor have prepared the way, in other countries the printed word can far outdistance the spoken word. As the doctrine of the Reformation was spread by the printing press, so among millions, Christianity may be spread. A convert or inquirer may be unable to attend church, the opposition of his family may prevent him from associating with fellow-believers, but no one can deprive him of all books. Into the hands of a non-Christian schoolgirl fell a copy of the monthly magazine issued by a

mission. She wrote to the editor: "I wish very much to progress upon the way that leads to God, but it seems impossible in the oppressive dormitory. But by having your paper every month I hope to progress on the beautiful road even a little." Not only papers, but letters, tracts and books were dispatched to her, and without ever having heard the Gospel preached by word of mouth, she became an earnest Christian.

The missionary can do the work of translation and of original writing if he must, but he cannot do it adequately, even if he has time. Seldom is a mission station so well manned that even one missionary can devote himself entirely to language study and writing. The Christian literature of each land should be indigenous, springing from the hearts and experiences of the natives themselves. There is no reason why a literature of this kind should not be speedily forthcoming. The profound influence of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress upon the English people, may have counterparts in China, Japan, or India.

Wan Ying Hsieh

In various mission fields, educated native women are applying themselves to the useful work of writing. Among them is Wan Ying Hsieh, the daughter of an admiral in the Chinese Navy. Her family is not Christian, but Miss Hsieh herself is. Prepared for college at Bridgman Academy, she entered Yenching University from which she received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. During her student days she published a volume of poems and

began to be known as a writer of promise. When she wished to take her Master's degree in America, she selected Wellesley College which has a close connection with Yenching University where various of its professors have given lectures. Her thesis was written about Chinese women poets of ancient times.

She is now a teacher of modern Chinese at Yenching and is a writer of growing fame. The language of literature has hitherto been not the Chinese spoken language but classical Chinese; she is a pioneer in the use of the vernacular, and thus is able to address an audience vastly larger than that of her predecessors.

Mrs. Yamamoto Tsuchi Hironaka, afterwards Mrs. Yamamoto, studied in mission schools in Tokyo, later in the White Bible School in New York. Returning to Japan she taught for several years and then was married. The mother of three children of her own and four step-children, she has little time to devote to literary labor, but she has translated "Pollyanna" and other children's books into Japanese. Another Christian translator is Mrs. Hana Muraoko, who is employed by the Christian Literature Society.

Kashi Shimada Iwamoto Kashi Shimada Iwamoto, a Japanese, was born in 1863 and died in 1896, in her thirty-third year. Her family became destitute as the result of war, her mother died when she was an infant, and her father gave her away when she was seven years old. Her owner, a Tokyo

merchant, placed her in Ferris Seminary in Yokohama and her education completed, she remained as a teacher until her marriage. Beautiful in person and in spirit, and possessing a fine mind, it was said of her by a contemporary that she was the best educated Japanese woman. Her constant association with missionaries gave her an acquaintance with English equal to that of other Japanese who studied abroad.

She was not only a successful teacher, but a writer of both Japanese and English. She believed that only through the adoption of Christian principles could her people attain the liberty of Western women and at the same time the regeneration of heart which should enable them to use that liberty properly. In promotion of this belief she wrote constantly both in Japanese and English.

When she was married, she gave up her teaching and followed the custom of her country in thinking only of her husband's comfort and the success of his work. Even when her health failed, she would not allow him to be disturbed and kept her sufferings from his observation and knowledge. Her death was hastened by a fire which destroyed her home and her husband's school. She forbade that any account of her life should be published. Said she, "I have nothing in my life to be talked of except that I knew the grace of God to the last."

Fortunately her writings remain to show her ability and her faith. Learned in the history of her country, she spoke with knowledge and appreciation of the

virtues of Buddhism, "with its faith so pure, its philosophy so fascinatingly profound, and its literature so rich and varied. She understood also its imperfections and explained in one of her many articles the origin of its contemptuous attitude toward women. "Sakya Muni," she wrote, "intent on saving his countrymen from the fearful licentiousness and debauchery prevalent in tropical India, pronounced a curse upon woman and all who would make approaches to her. 'A Buddha in outward appearance, but akin to a demon at heart'—such is the abusive epithet commonly applied to all her kind. The subjugation or rather humiliation of woman in a greater or less degree thus followed Buddhism wherever it was propagated.

She had facility not only in writing of essays, but in telling stories—now about some heroic adult, now about the grasshopper put in a cage to amuse a little child, now about the celebration of New Year, always a happy time for children. Much of her own warmth of heart and also various lessons may be read in a little story called "Five Yen in Five Years."

"A lone woman was living in a remote out-of-the-way village in Miyagi ken. Years ago when a Christian preaching-place had been opened there, she became a joyful partaker of the living water, for she discovered how she had been thirsting for it all her life. To the little gathering of people who came to hear the Gospel, new attendants were being added one by one, but alas! a sad occurrence nipped the young church in the bud.

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME"

"The young preacher fell into sin. It was a grievous offense of which he was found guilty, and the highly incensed people would have neither the man nor his religion. It was sad enough that the preaching-place had to be closed, but it was sadder to see the believers turn back one by one from the newly-found religion either in contempt of the same or in fear of the mocking ungodly.

"Finally no trace could be found of the thoughtful company that used to wend their way to the pleasantly lighted preaching-place except this one old woman, who refused to give up her God. She somehow believed in her inmost heart that no man could hurt the Bible, however deeply he might err. She earnestly entreated her friends to apply once more for a new preacher. But they only laughed at her credulity, and very soon she found herself slighted and forsaken by every one in the village. Lonely and poor, she was driven at last to seek a humble occupation by which she might earn her living in peace. It was behind the boiler of a public bath-house where it was her lonely duty to feed the fire all day and far into the night.

"Living in this way, she was almost forgotten by the villagers, but evidently the sacred flame within her was being kept aglow from a heavenly source. For unknown to any one, she was devoting her solitary years to gathering together a little offering of love to her Lord. Where so much wood was burnt plenty of red-hot charcoal could be had at all times of

the day. She made use of this charcoal to bake a certain kind of cake called 'koren,' which she sold to the retailers. A child gets half a dozen of these cakes for a *sen*, and, selling to the retailers, her profit must have been as scant as her labor was long.

"When she had put away her last earning, which completed the amount of five *yen*, she knew that she had been working just as many years. The sum was put into the hands of a minister in Sendai to be used, the giver pleaded, 'in some blessed cause.' It warms up our hearts wonderfully to think how abundantly, how very abundantly, the dear Lord will bless both the gift and giver."

The death of Mrs. Iwamoto was deeply deplored, not only by those who had learned to love her through intimate association, but by others who looked upon her as one fitted to show a new path without abandoning much that was good and noble in the old.

Julia Sotto Yapsutko

Julia Sotto who is writer, speaker, and publisher, lived in Cebu in the Philippine Islands. Her mother ran a bakeshop and each week when she heard the voice of a small boy who distributed theater programs she sent eleven-year-old Julia to bring one in. Each week Julia lingered longer and longer. Though her mother did not know that she stopped to talk to the program-vendor, Luis Yapsutko, his teacher soon observed that he wasted a great deal of time. Presently he disappeared from Cebu, his family having decided that if he did not

work in school he must work on his father's farm.

Julia missed him, but probably not very seriously. A girl of ability and ambition, she applied herself to study and when only eighteen founded and edited a periodical. For several years Luis attended a Roman Catholic college in Hong Kong, and there he studied faithfully. At the death of his father it was necessary for him to return home and on the way he visited Julia.

He found her even more admirable in actuality than she had been in recollection. When he reached home he discovered that work, necessary as it was for the support of himself and his mother and sisters, was impossible to his preoccupied mind. One day he visited Julia and said to her, "I haven't planted my coffee. My plantation is running down. If you don't marry me I'll either end my life or go bankrupt."

His pathetic plea was emphasized by his sorrowful appearance; as he crossed the river he had been caught in a sudden flood and almost drowned. Julia confessed her affection, but she made one condition—she could not give up her Protestant religion or marry any one but a Protestant. By this time she had become not only an editor but an efficient speaker. Luis agreed to any conditions she imposed, and the next day they were married. His mother was reconciled, though his sisters were very angry. The mother said to her family, "I shall invite Luis and his wife to live here. Though they are heretics, they are happier and kinder than any of us."

Luis also learned to preach the gospel and so much was he respected that he was appointed by the government to be the president of his municipality. He continued his preaching, not only in his church but on the street corners. Increasingly aware of his need of better preparation, he gave up this work and he and Julia together attended the Union Theological Seminary. At the end of a year they were invited to Japan to aid in the printing of the Visayan Bible. No work in the world is more exacting than proofreading and when the translation was finished the health of Luis was seriously impaired.

Upon their return to the Philippines they received a Macedonian call—would they not come to the island of Mindanao? No land in the world is more lovely. They entered a rock-bound harbor near which the exiled poet Rizal had dreamed of liberating his country from the tyranny of Spain. The church to which Luis was called was in Dipolog, a city of the northern section, but his work did not end there. All along the coast men and women begged him to preach and having heard him pleaded with him to continue. Visayan literature was scant, people longed for something to read, and he and Julia determined to publish a small paper in which he should print sermons and other suitable Christian matter. Their enterprise involved hardship for both—Luis would have to go to buy a little press and learn to set type, and there was not money enough for both to make the

trip. The separation was only about four days, but even this period proved almost intolerable.

The press was tiny indeed and there was only enough type to set up one page at a time. Compared to Julia and Luis, Benjamin Franklin had an easy task. At last they completed two hundred and fifty copies of the little paper. The first edition was sold out at once and subscriptions came in not only for the next copy but for the issues of a year. Within the year Luis was able to buy another second-hand press and the paper, called "Ang Dalan," increased its size from five by seven inches to ten by fifteen.

Again and again Julia begged her husband not to work so hard. To be at the same time the pastor of a church and the editor, manager, and type-setter of a paper put too great a strain on a constitution which was already predisposed to tuberculosis and undermined by the malaria of the beautiful and treacherous country. With anguished heart she watched him grow less able for his work. Presently it became evident that his days were numbered. Again and again he charged his wife to continue the paper. One day Julia telegraphed to a conference of pastors and missionaries, "Luis is dead. His message to you is 'Ang Dalan must live.' "

This dying charge was given not only to the missionaries and pastors but to his wife, and it is she who continues to print and publish the paper which they founded together.

Mrs. Asa Hirooka

The story of Mrs. Asa Hirooka exhibits the power of the Gospel upon a mind of keen intelligence. Born into a patrician Japanese family, she was thoroughly educated according to the ideas of her country and her age. As a little girl, she was allowed to study with her brother, but when he was old enough to go to school their paths divided. He studied interesting and practical subjects, she applied herself at home to a book called "Woman's Great Learning," which was supposed to educate her in all polite feminine accomplishments. These she found dull and wearisome.

She was married at the age of seventeen, and soon observed that her husband was rapidly squandering his fortune and that disaster was imminent. The inevitable failure and bankruptcy were postponed for five years and she used those five years to advantage, studying arithmetic and commercial subjects whenever she could, both day and night. When the crash, came, she began a business career. First she reorganized her husband's affairs, then she established a bank and a life insurance company, and developed a coal mine and agricultural lands in Korea. For forty years she continued in a position of power and importance in her country.

When she was sixty years old, she realized that the accumulation of a fortune did not satisfy her mind or soul, and she gave her attention to religion, especially to the message of Jesus. For many years she had been concerned about the welfare of Japanese women,

she saw now that their wrongs could never be righted unless there should be a radical change in their position. In the Christian religion she discerned the promise of such a change. Said she:

"I found there was no hope for women in any of the religions of the Orient. They teach that women are always evil and inferior to men. The Confucian system, for instance teaches that fools and women cannot be educated. Then I began to study the Bible. I did not like some parts of it any better than I liked the religions of the East. St. Paul made me very angry. He didn't know much about women. But Peter! He was fine. He had a wife and understood women. When I read the Gospels I learned that Jesus made no distinction between the sexes. We are all, women as well as men, children of God. I came to the conclusion that the only hope for the women of the Orient to attain their true position was through Christianity."

Having learned this important lesson, Mrs. Hirooka began to spread it far and wide. Applying to missionary work the same energy, ability and enthusiasm which she had to her business, she became a public speaker, touring the country from North to South, speaking to large gatherings and small. Once in a theater she held an audience of two thousand spellbound for an hour with her appeal for Christian living. She died before she reached the age of seventy, after ten years of evangelistic work.

The Chuans

It will one day be difficult if not impossible to record the biographies of single Christians. So talented in music were the German Bachs of the eighteenth century that besides the two hundred names which are recorded it is said that many are forgotten. In China, especially, there is an increasing number of families covering three or four generations, who are distinguished in the annals of Christian missions. Among these families are Mrs. Tai and her descendants the Chaos, of whom we heard in Chapter V; the Chuans; and Good Sa and her descendants the Iaps, all three of China.

It was customary to give new names to Chinese students at Bridgman Academy. One of these little girls received the beautiful name of Dorcas. Growing up, she married a student named Chuan, who belonged to the highest social class and was attractive and thoroughly honest in thought and deed. While he studied she taught a day school. It was a long time ago and the children followed the old fashion of reciting, standing with their backs to the teacher and singing their lessons out loud.

About the time of Chuan's marriage the Congregational missionaries made their way into North China, and there met this noble young man. He became the instructor of the missionaries, and as he taught them the language he learned the religion which they had come to teach his countrymen. The mission prospered, Mr. Chuan being its first convert, his wife following in his footsteps. The pair

were most anxious that their home should be Christian. They had five children, four boys and a girl, who were baptized and confirmed as members of the church. "This Christian education," said Mr. Chuan, "will make China greater and finer among the nations of the world."

The children grew up into youth and then into manhood, and this is what became of them. The eldest son was studying at a medical college when he died; the second son whose name is John, believed like his brother, that the first need of his people was to be freed from the gross superstitions and the terrible practices of the native physicians. He studied medicine in America, doing his final work in the Harvard Medical School. Knowing that he must train helpers, he specialized in general subjects such as public health and hospital management. He is now head of the Medical School where the Chinese army surgeons are trained. What he considers his most important work is his leadership of the movement against opium.

The third son, James, graduated from Tungchow College and then went to Yale. There he was Secretary of the Chinese Student Y. M. C. A. and a leader of young men. During the war he organized the work of education and Christian influence among the three thousand coolies sent by China to help the cause of the allies. To-day he is an official in the Chinese Eastern Railroad.

Peter, the youngest son, was trained at Hartford

Seminary as a minister. During the war he also served with the Chinese labor battalion and there co-operated with his older brother. To-day, he is a secretary of the Chinese National Christian Council. He edits papers, writes books, and speaks from one end of the land to the other.

Mary Chuan had opportunities for education equal to those of any American girl. She graduated from Oberlin College and has now her own school in Peking.

Good Sa and the Iaps

Good Sa, grandmother of the Iaps, tells her own story.

"My name is 'Good.' Before I was born my father said to my mother that if she had a daughter he would kill her. At the time of my birth, my father was not at home and my mother did not dare to kill me.

"My father returned when I was three days old. As he came near the house one of the neighbors called out to him 'Father Iong, Mrs. Iong has a daughter!' He said, 'Has she killed her?' The neighbor replied 'No!' He was very angry and took up a hoe to kill the baby as he went in. My mother cried out, 'Save! Save!' A neighbor heard the cry, and ran in and caught me up. My mother afterwards wrapped me up well and gave me to my brother telling him to run with me to my grandmother, who lived about ten miles away.

"When I was twenty years old I was sold to a

woman who kept me until I was twenty-eight, and then married me to a man called 'Sa.' I had several daughters; two I killed, and two I gave away. When I was thirty-three years old I had a son, when thirty-six I had a daughter. My husband promised this daughter to one and another, but each time his plans were frustrated. The last time a 'Middle Woman' came to carry the child away. I invited her to remain for the noon meal, when a heavy storm came up lasting until the next day. Then the stream was so swollen she had to remain several days before she could cross. When she did finally go, she found it was too late, another baby had been taken, so she was obliged to bring my baby back to me. After this my husband did not try to dispose of her.

"When I was thirty-nine I had a second son, and when I was forty-three my husband died, leaving me with his mother and my three children. My husband's relatives wished to dispose of me and get my share of the property. They did a great deal to annoy me, stole my things and hoped by this treatment to drive me away. They several times tried to kill me.

"I had always wanted to find and to worship the 'God that gives life.' One day I went down to Amoy, bought some cloth and a few articles and gave them to my son to sell. For five years we kept up this business. Then on the sixth day of the third moon, I went down to Amoy to buy things in preparation for the feast to the idols on the seventh. On arriving at Amoy, I saw a church and thought I would go in.

There were several women who came to the city with me. Then I said to the preacher, 'Please preach and let us hear,' and he preached to us. When he had finished I said to him, 'I am feeding two roosters and one pig to offer to the gods. Now can you tell me which is the greatest god? Which is the god who gives life?' He said, 'The God in the heavens above, He is the greatest.'

"The preacher then advised me to go home, kill the roosters and eat them, and sell the pig, that such offerings were entirely useless; we must worship God alone.

"Dr. Talmage came down to preach to us. He asked me what business I was doing. I told him I sold cloth. He then read out of the Scriptures about a woman named Lydia who was a 'seller of purple; who heard the Gospel, believed, was baptized and all her house,' and he added he hoped I would be like her. What I heard that morning interested me so much that I had no desire to eat.

"I went to Amoy frequently and stayed at the preacher's house, returning home sometimes to look after my children. I found employment for my oldest son in Dr. Talmage's family. In another year I brought down my youngest son to study in the school. He afterwards became a preacher employed by the mission. I then received baptism, and from that time my mother-in-law and relatives greatly hated me, so I did not like to go home; but it was necessary to go to see my daughter. When my daughter was

eighteen I made arrangements for her to marry a young preacher, Mr. Iap, and then took her down to Amoy.

"After awhile I urged my mother-in-law to go down with me, and then led her to listen to the doctrine. She afterwards received baptism and became a member of the church; then I was happy! When she was baptized she was eighty-three years old. I now have one daughter and one son and thirty-five descendants, all obeying the doctrine."

Pastor Iap, Good Sa's son-in-law, was one of the first pastors of the Dutch Reformed Church. It was said of him by his fellow missionaries that much of his success may be attributed to the earnest Christianity of good Sa's daughter, Mrs. Iap. She had little education but she learned to read the colloquial language, and she established a home which might have been a model in any nation. She was eager to practice and promote all the reforms which were improving the women of her country, and she took the bindings off her own feet and never allowed the feet of her daughters to be bound. When her friends protested, saying that they knew how to make shoes for bound feet but no others, she embroidered large shoes for them.

This is by no means the end of the Iap family. Two daughters, Martha and Gift, became Christian teachers, but died in early life, three daughters are living, two are Christian physicians in Amoy, the third is a dentist. A granddaughter is the wife of a

pastor, her children are pupils in the Mission School.

Here are six generations of Christians—Mrs. Iong, Good Sa, Mrs. Iap, Mrs. Iap's children, her granddaughter the preacher's wife and the preacher's children.

A School record

Even the keeping account of families will in time be possible only in rare instances. The biographies of many faithful Christians are condensed into a brief account in the records of a school. Such a record has been kept by the Blackmer school in Japan.

A little more than thirty years ago a Japanese girl, Fuku Ebisawa begged of missionaries in Tokyo that they save her from the life of a geisha for which she was being trained. From this request and the response in the hearts of those who listened grew the Blackmer Home for girls. In a period of little more than thirty years more than one hundred and seventy girls have lived in the Home. Of all a careful record has been kept, with the following astonishing total. Over sixty have diplomas from the Women's University, an equal number have finished high school. Only a small number have drifted beyond the knowledge of their teachers.

The story of a few of these girls has been told elsewhere in this book; others can be mentioned only briefly. Tame Imai married a clergyman and dying left three sons, all Christians; the oldest is already engaged in Christian work. Miyo Kohashi edited

the monthly magazine of the Women's University and died at the beginning of what would in all probability have been a distinguished career. Iku Saegusa studied in America and expects to send her daughter thither when she is old enough to come. Tatsu Mori became an assistant to Madame Yajima in her work for the W. C. T. U.

"When I know how, I will surely do the right thing!" Thus sobbed Sen ko Makimo after a reprimand from her teacher. She kept her word and following all instructions became an expert kindergartner. When parents sent word that they did not approve of the devotional exercises with which she opened the school session, she replied, "This is a Christian kindergarten and we shall continue the devotional exercises."

"Then," said they. "We shall take your children away."

"Very well," answered Sen ko Makimo. "But this is a Christian kindergarten."

The devotional exercises continued and the children continued to come. When Sen Ko was married she asked to have the ceremony performed in the kindergarten where she had been so happy.

"In no way has the education of Japanese women shown better results than when the educated young women have been left alone," says the history of the school. "They are no longer content to be a burden to their relatives, but they keep their homes and care for their little ones. Thinking of those who are

beautiful Christian home-makers instead of passing their lives in darkness and superstition, of those who have been taught to care for themselves in an honorable way instead of being puppets and slaves, of the trained kindergarten mothers, can anyone ever say again, 'I do not believe in sending money to Japan?"

Promise for the future

Long lists also give promise for the future. It is the custom of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, to issue loans without interest to such girls as are poor but who promise to become useful members of society. Their published list of Chinese students includes the following names:

1. Wong Sien Pau, first year high school, good in music, wants to study nurse training after graduation, father dead. The Loan Scholarship is helping her through.

2. Sung Yoeh Jung, only daughter of Christian family, betrothed to Christian young man, fiancé studying in Huchow-Boys' School. This scholarship goes to the making of a Christian home.

3. Tsang E-Tsu, motherless, timid, heart-hungry child, father overcome by adverse economic conditions, temporarily out of the ministry. The scholarship opens the door of education, hope, and happiness to E-Tsu.

4. Yau Me-Pau, daughter of a plucky widow who, without previous education, worked her way through the nurse-training school connected with the mission hospital in Huchow. Me-Pau is now engaged to the chemist in the hospital.

SOCIAL SERVICE GROUP—MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE

MRS. EMILIA CRUZ WITH THE UNTAINTED CHILDREN OF LEPERS, WELFAREVILLE, MANILA

5. Orphaned daughter of a preacher who had a small property, but who could never bear to see a need in the Church go unmet. Died poor. The scholarship is caring for the daughter, who hopes in time to become a teacher.

Helen Yoh

What promise there is in the courage and persistence of Helen Yoh! There are girls from California who journey to Radcliffe or Wellesley or Bryn Mawr, there are many Americans who cross the Atlantic Ocean to study in Europe. They travel in comfort, they are not pioneers, they go among people who speak their own language or at worst a foreign language with which they already are somewhat acquainted. Helen Yoh, like them, longed for an education, and traveled two thousand miles to find it. Her journey was, however, very different, and so also was her experience when she arrived at her destination.

She lived with her family in Lushan, Yachow. Three brothers were the head of the clan, the sons of a far-sighted and noble man who dreamed of a hospital run by his grandchildren, of whom there are many. The eldest son of the eldest son was completing his University course—for him the securing of a medical education was not difficult. But for Helen, also a grandchild, who wished to be a physician and saw the enormous good that a woman physician could do, there was no school, there was no chance whatever.

Helen's mind, however, was made up; she would

be a doctor, whether or no. Learning that West China Union University, two thousand miles away, had opened its doors to women, she set out upon the long journey into a strange and distant country where they spoke a dialect unknown to her. She found herself one of eight girls to enter.

The eight have now increased to thirty; it is safe to predict that the thirty will rapidly increase to whatever is the capacity of the University. Unnumbered Helen Yohs, looking over their country and seeing the need for teachers, nurses, doctors, are standing ready, saying meanwhile to Christians, "Here am I, send me!"

Ji Yung

As Helen Yoh is a symbol of promise, so also is Ji Yung, typical of an ever-increasing number of her own class. Her name means Beautiful Gem; she was born of wealthy and intelligent parents, in the city of Wusih about thirty miles from Soochow. In her childhood there were no railroads, though she probably heard of railroads from her grandfather who had been Ambassador to Italy, Holland, Germany and the Court of St. James. Near her door flowed the Grand Canal which had been built about the year 1290. Here she saw sailing back and forth, the junks with their great sails, carrying passengers or freight.

Until the time of Ji Yung, the women of her family, generation after generation, had lived in monotonous and luxurious idleness. Upon bound

feet they tottered short distances, supported by the arms of their servants. Now a new spirit was abroad. Everywhere girls were going to school, and the best schools were those established by missionaries. At the age of thirteen Ji Yung was sent to the Laura Haygood Memorial in Soochow. Cold, proud, unsympathetic, she applied herself successfully to the studying of many subjects. Among her text-books was the Bible, and though her response to the mention of personal salvation was not encouraging, she began to show a changed attitude to her companions. She made herself the associate of those who were sick or lonely, she helped the younger children, she became devoted to her teachers.

Being a Chinese girl, she had long been betrothed, her fiancé the nephew of a Grand Counsellor of the Realm so important that when he died a royal prince was commissioned to weep before his coffin and two memorial temples were built in his honor. Though her proposed marriage was honorable, Ji Yung preferred to be a teacher in order that she might always help others. One day she wrote to her favorite teacher: "I want to thank God, for He has mercy on me and opened my heart to recognize Christ as my Saviour. Though I am unworthy to be called a Christian, I can say that I love Jesus and believe that He died for my sins."

Eventually she yielded to her father's desire and was married. Said she: "How poor it is to be a Chinese woman! She is but a toy or slave to man.

She cannot do what she pleases, and even has no chance to decide her own life. The house I will go to is said to be very conservative and everyone there hates the new customs. They regard not the education of women. I am not the girl who is content to enjoy the pleasures of ignorance, but rather to suffer and live ideally. So, certainly, I cannot endure to meet this thing. I think I will surely die before that time unless God helps me."

Ji Yung did not die. Her father gave her permission to be baptized after her marriage. Influenced by her example her oldest brother promised that he would become a Christian. Her fiancé proved to be worthy of her love. Her girlish description of her wedding finery exhibits, perhaps, more interest than she was willing to acknowledge. "When I reached home I saw there were ten tailors making my dresses. My mother and sister were very busy in preparing the things for my wedding, but I told them that I cared not about those things. They made me satin and red silk skirts which are very beautifully embroidered. They will buy me two rings, one diamond and one ruby. That family has sent to my parents three thousand dollars for preparing my things."

Having been married, Ji Yung was allowed to return to school, and her husband entered the University nearby. When she graduated her essay was made the subject of an editorial in an English newspaper in Shanghai. Said she: "Before I came here I knew nothing except a few Chinese characters. Now I am

sure the improvement in both my Chinese and English has been great and rapid. Above all are the precious teachings of love and truth my teachers have given me. I hope that many, many more girls will be glad to come and enjoy the same advantages that I have already obtained."

This truth which she had learned Ji Yung carried with her into the "very conservative home" of old China into which she went. Such missionaries the Christian schools have sent out by hundreds.

A Japanese Convention

The history of Christian missions is rapidly becoming in some countries that of groups, of autonomous organizations, of mass movements. The only Christian woman in a village looks with longing toward the next village where there is another Christian woman, or two or three; it is natural that they wish to meet, to become acquainted, to hearten one another, to be encouraged by those more experienced and greater in age or wisdom, to carry back each to her village new plans. Non-Christian men look upon such dreams of their wives and sisters with horror and distaste; Christian men, believing that women are capable of education and worthy of respect, and that their influence is potent, not only permit but promote such gatherings. From a church in Japan with stations in various places comes an account of the first convention of its women, together with many pictures.

Delegates representing nineteen of the twenty-two

churches, pastors' wives and workers, both Japanese and foreign, assembled for the first time in one general body. They heard greetings from their sisters in other lands, adopted a tentative constitution, visited the institutions of the mission, and made plans for the work for the next year. In the picture of the convention the background of trees and buildings is un-American, the clothing is foreign, the posters are unintelligible, but how like "our" women are these women? The more advanced the civilization of the country, the more easy and general the methods of travel, the more progressive and enlightened the women, the more frequent will be such gatherings—undreamed of fifty years ago.

It is almost impossible to open a secular magazine of any sort, even those which are in a general way Christian in tone, without encountering analysis of what the writers consider the discouraging state of Protestantism, and especially of the decay and speedy failure of Christian missions. Such articles are frequently written not only by the unfriendly, but by the uninformed. Some seemed to be evolved entirely from the inner consciousness of the writers who have made no effort to seek reasons for optimism, though they seize and search for grounds for pessimism. Of Mother Wang and her work of discipleship, of Good Sa and her descendants, of Dr. Paru and her devotion to the women of her race, of brave Lisa, they never hear. Still less do they re-

flect upon the parable of the sower and his seed, or believe in the promise of increase.

But there is other literature of a different sort. In the streets of Vellore a pamphlet was recently scattered about—here is its despairing wail: "How many thousands of thousands have these missionaries turned to Christianity? Of how many more have they cast their nets? If we sleep as heretofore, in a short time they will turn all to Christianity, and our temples will be turned into churches. Do you not know that the number of Christians is increasing, and the number of Hindu religionists decreasing every day? How long will water remain in a reservoir which continually lets out, but receives none in? Let all the people join as one man to banish Christianity from our land."

The Brahmin editor of a vernacular paper observes the same phenomenon from, however, a different view-point. "The names of your missionaries become household words in our district by the love and sympathy they almost invariably bring to bear upon every department of their work. A silent and wonderful revolution is taking place in Indian minds; many in India are imbued with the Christian spirit, and breathing Christian thoughts, and adopting Christian modes of charity, which would have been a phenomenon a few years ago."

To multiply incidents is useless, even if space remained. None could illustrate more vividly and convincingly the power of Christianity to uplift and en-

noble than the story of Mother Wang, of Good Sa, of Philip Sarah, of touching Ekot Nganga.

Let not the glow of heart, however, which follows upon an acquaintance with their ardor, their sacrifices, their victory over self, bring forgetfulness of the vast field where other Good Sas, other Philip Sarahs are needed to till neglected fields.

The Rev. Milton Stauffer, a secretary of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America says, "It's one thing to look at China from a class-room in Peking, or the fourth floor of the Y. M. C. A. building in Shanghai. It's quite a different thing to look at China from the banks of the Kan in Central Kiangsi, or from the populous plains of Honan, where after a quarter of a century of missions there are scarcely thirteen thousand Christians among thirty-two million people, or from the green hills of Kansu—forty days distant from Shanghai—where among ten million people there are still only two hospitals, one of which is built of straw mats, and one Christian middle school, just organized with a handful of students."

Says Mr. Stauffer of South America: "There is inland a vast region, equalling four-fifths of the area of South America and totalling about 6,000,000 square miles, in which there are wide ranges untouched vitally if at all by Christian agencies. This continent within a continent equals more than a third of all Asia, and more than half of all Africa." "If you were to stand on the boundary line of Paraguay and Brazil and look north for fifteen hundred miles,

"YE SHALL BE WITNESSES UNTO ME"

northeast for two thousand miles, you would hardly find more than three Protestant missionaries in that whole immense territory."

How much more easily can men and women of their own race be messengers to these unnumbered peoples! But how shall they go unless they be sent! They can be selected, nurtured, prepared, only if the Christian church in Christian lands continues its prayer and its gifts.

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